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CHARLES MINOT

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Life and Repentance of  
Mary Magdalene

Mary Magdalene

*Date of earliest known Edition 1566*

*Reproduced in Facsimile*





The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Life and Repentance of  
**Mary Magdalene**

By LEWIS WAGER

*Date of earliest known Edition, 1566*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908*



◦

# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

◦

## The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene

By LEWIS WAGER

1567

*Issued for Subscribers by*

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET  
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH  
MCMVIII

15428.37.21

\*



*Minot fund*

# The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene

By LEWIS WAGER

*This facsimile of one of the latest of the old English morality-plays is from a copy of the black-letter edition of 1567 now in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, e. 36). Another edition identical with the present original, save in the date, appeared in 1566: the only known copy is now (1908) in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York.*

*The play has only once been reprinted in modern times, and never before in facsimile. It was included in "The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago [1904], issued in commemoration of the first ten years of the University's existence."* 2

*The British Museum possesses two copies of the later edition, which was probably but a reissue of the unsold copies of 1566 with the title-page redated, since the same errors of the press seem to occur in both impressions.*

*Of "the learned clarke," Lewis Wager, little is known beyond the fact that he became rector of St. James, Garlick-hithe, on March 28, 1560. He was probably, therefore, a*

▼

*university man, though his name does not appear in the published lists of Oxford or Cambridge graduates.*

*The play was probably written about 1560, in the time of Edward VI.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, says that "it is excellently done: no matter how carefully one scrutinises the facsimile with the original copy there is very little indeed with which to find fault. The only instances of over-heavy printing are on D. iii. verso and F. iv. verso, and these are so slight as scarcely to merit mention."*

JOHN S. FARMER.





# A new Enterlude, neuer

before this tyme imprinted, entreating of the

Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene : not only

godlie, learned and frutesfull, but also well furnished with plea-

saunt myrth and pastime, very delectable for those

which shall heare or reade the same.

Made by the learned Clarke

Lewis Wager.

## The names of the Players.

Infidelitie the Vice.

Marie Magdalene.

Pride of life.

Cupiditie.

Carnall Concupiscence.

Simon the Pharisee.

Malicious Judgement.

The Lawe.

Knowledge of sinne.

Christ Iesus.

Fayth.

Repentaunce.

Justification.

Love.

Fourte may easely play this Enterlude.

Imprinted at London, by Iohn Charlevwood,

dwelling in Barbican, at the signe of the halfe Eagle

and the Key. Anno. 1567.







## The Prologue.

Nulla tam modesta felicitas est  
Quae malignantis deusca vitare possit.



O state of man, be it neuer so modest,  
Neuer so vnrebukeable and blamelesse,  
No person, be he neuer so good and honest,  
Can escape at any season how harmelesse,  
But the wicked teeth of such as be shamelesse;  
Are ready most maliciously him for to byte,  
Like as Valerius in his fourth booke doth write.

We and other persons haue exercised  
This comely and good facultie a long season,  
Which of some haue bene spitefully despised,  
Wherefore I thinke they can alleage no reason,  
Where affect ruleth, there good iudgemēt is geason.  
They neuer learned the verse of Horace doubtles,  
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes.

Thou shalt neither praise thyne owne industrie,  
Nor yet the labour of other men reprehend,  
The one proceedeth of a proude arrogancie,  
And the other from enuie, which doth discommend,  
All thyngs that vertuous persons doe intend.  
For euill will neuer said well, they do say,  
And worse thyngs were neuer heard before this day.

I marvel why they should detract our facultie:  
We haue ridden and gone many sundry waies,  
Yea, we haue bled this seate at the vniuersitie,  
Yet neither wise nor learned would it dispraise:  
But it hath ben perreined euer before our dayes.

A. ii.

That

**The Prologue.**

**That foles toke nothing worse than foles to be called.  
A horse will kick if you touche where he is galled.  
Doth not our facultie learnedly extoll vertue?  
Doth it not teache, God to be praised aboue all thinge?  
What facultie doth bide more earnestly subdure?  
Doth it not teache true obedience to the kyng?  
What godly sentences to the mynde doth it bring?  
I saie, there was neuer thyng invented  
More worth, for mans solace to be frequented.  
Hypocrites that wold not haue their fautes reueled  
Imagine flander our facultie to let,  
Faine wold they haue their wickednes still concealed  
Therefore maliciously against vs they be set,  
O (say they) muche money they doe get.  
Cruelly I say, whether you geue halpence or pence,  
Your gayne shalbe double, befoze you depart hence.  
Is wisdom no more worth than a peny trow you?  
Scripture calleth the price therof incomparable.  
Here may you learne godly Sapience now,  
Which to body and soule shal be profitable.  
To no person truly we couet to be chargeable,  
For we shall thinke to haue sufficient recompence,  
If ye take in good worth our simple diligence.  
In this matter whiche we are about to recite,  
The ignorant may learne what is true beleue,  
Wherof the Apostles of Christ do largely write,  
Whose instructions here to you we wil geue,  
Here an example of penance the heart to griue,  
May be lerned, a loue which from faith doth spring,  
Authozitie of Scripture for the same we will bring.  
Of the Gospell we shall rehearse a fructfull story,  
Written in the vii. of Luke with wordes playne**

**The**





**The Prologue.**

**The storie of a woman that was right soꝝ  
Foꝝ that she had spent her life in sinne vile and bala,  
By Chzistes pꝛeachyng she was conuerted agayn,  
To be truly penitent by hir fructes she declared,  
And to shew hir self a sinner she neuer spared.**

**Hir name was called Mary of Magdalene,  
So named of the title of hir possession,  
Out of hir Chzist reiected. bil. spirites vncleane,  
As Mark and Luke make open profession.  
Doctours of high learnyng, witte, and discretion,  
Of hir diuers and many sentences doe write,  
Whiche in this matter we intend now to recite.**

**Of the place aforesaid, with the circumstance,  
Onely in this matter (God willing) we will treat.  
Where we will shew that great was hir repentance,  
And that hir loue towards Chzist was also as great,  
Hir sinne did not hir conscience so greuously create,  
But that faith erected hir heart again to belene,  
That God foꝝ Chzists sake wold all hir sins foꝝgeue.**

**We desire no man in this poynt to be offended,  
In that vertues with vice we shall here introduce,  
Foꝝ in men and women they haue depended :  
And therfoꝝ figuratiuely to speake, it is the vse.  
I trust that all wise men will accept our excuse.  
Of the Preface foꝝ this season here I make an ende,  
In godly myzth to spend the tyme we doe intende.**

**The ende of the Preface.**

An Enterlude of the Repentance  
Here entreth Infidelitie the vice.

Infidell,  
ue.

**I**th heigh down down and downe a downe a,  
Saluator mundi Domine, Kyrieleyson,  
Ite Missa est, with pipe bp Alleluya.  
Sed libera nos a malo, and so let vs be at one.  
Then euery man brought in his owne dish,  
LORD GOD we had wonderfull good fare,  
I warrant you there was plentie of fische and fishe,  
So to, I bestrew your heart and if you spare,  
A gods name I was set bp at the hye deare,  
Come bp syz, sayd euery body vnto me:  
Like an honest man I had the fyrst meace,  
Glad was he that might my proper person see.  
When we had dined, euery man to horsebacks,  
And so bp vnto the mount of Caluarie,  
I trobe you neuer heard of suche a knacke,  
Muche woe had some of vs to scape the pilloxe.  
But when we came to hye Ierusalem,  
Who then but I maister Infidelitie?  
Mary I was not so called among them,  
No, I haue a name moze nigher the veritie.  
In Iurie, Moyseicall Justice is my name,  
I would haue them iustified by the lawe,  
It is playne Infidelitie to beleue the same,  
What then: from the faith I doe them withdrato.  
There is one come into the countrey of late,  
Called Chyist: the sonne of God, the Jewes Messias  
Of the kyngdome of God he begynneth to prate,  
But he shall neuer bypnyng his purpose to passe,  
No, I Infidelitie sick so much in the Jewes harts,  
That his doctrine and wonders they wyl not beleue,  
I waro





of Mary Magdalene.

I warant that the chiefe rulers in these partes,  
Will deuise somewhat his body to mischeus.  
Infidelitie, no beware of me Infidelitie,  
Like as faith is the roote of all goodnesse,  
So am I the head of all iniquitie,  
The well and spyng of all wickednesse.  
Mary say, yet I conuey my matters cleane,  
Like as I haue a visour of bertue,  
So my impes, whiche vnto my person do leane,  
The visour of honestie doth endue.  
As these, whide I vse to call cleaunynesse,  
Emule I colour with the face of prudence,  
Wrathe putteth on the coate of manlynesse,  
Couetise is profite in euery mans sentence.  
Slouth or idlenesse I paint out with quiete,  
Gluttonie or excelle I name honest chere,  
Lethery vled for many mens diete,  
I set on with the face of loue both farre and nere,  
How saie you to Infidelitie once agayne:  
Infidelitie all mens heartes doe occupie:  
Infidelitie now aboue true faith doth remayne,  
And shall do to the worldes ende, I thinke verily.  
Yea, that same Iudas doth many things,  
Yet I will so occupy the rulers myndes,  
Bothe of byshops, phariseys, elders and kyngs,  
That fewe or none of them shalbe his frendes.

Here entreteth Mary Magdalene, trydyng  
with her garmentes.

I bethreho his heart naughtye folliche knaue,  
The most bungarliest talters in this countrie,  
That be in the worlde I thinke, so God me saue,  
Not a garment can they make for my degree.

Marys  
Magda-  
lene.

Haue

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Haue you euer seene an ouerbody thus sytte :  
 Nowe a mischief on his dronken knaues eart,  
 The knaues dlynke till they haue lost theyr wyffe,  
 And then they marre bitterly a bodys geare.  
 I had liefer than .xx. shillings by this light  
 That I had him here now in my fume and heate.  
 What, I am ashamed to come in any mans sight,  
 Thinke you in the waste I am so great :  
 Nay by gis twentie shillings I dare holde,  
 That there is not a gentlewoman in this land,  
 More proper than I in the waste I dare be bolde.  
 They be my garmentes that so bungarily do stand,  
 Besetw his heart once agayne with all my hart,  
 Is this geare no better than to cast away :  
 Let hym trust to it, I will make him to smart.  
 For marryng of my geare he shall surely pay.

Infante  
 little.

God forbyd mistresse Mary, & you so tender & yong  
 For marryng of your geare he is greatly to blame.

Mary.

What haue you to do, holde your bablyng tong.  
 Haue you any thyng to doe with the same :

Infante  
 little.

These unhappy tailorz I trowe be acurst,  
 Most commonly when they make gentlewomens geare  
 In the myddes they set the piece that is worst.  
 Yea that is the fashion of them every where.  
 The worst piece is in the mydd of your garment,  
 And it is pierced into it so unhappily,  
 That by my trouthe it is past amendement,  
 Weddle with it, and you spyll it bitterly.

Mary.

Speake you in earnest, or I pray you do you mock :  
 Trow you that my garment can not be amended :

Infante  
 little.

Mock: I know that you come of a worshipful stock.  
 He that mocketh you ought to be reprehended,

Of





of Mary Magdalene.

Of taylers craft I tell you I haue some skill,  
And if I shold medle with þ pere that is in the midst,  
I shold make it worse oz at the least as yll:  
Therfore to let it alone as it is, I iudge it best;  
Naught it is, and so you may weare it out,  
Though it be new, it wilt be soone worne.

It were almost to hang suche a foolishhe loutte, Mary.  
All they that see me now, will laugh me to scozne,  
No gentlewoman is ordred in this wyse,  
My maydens on the other side are suche sluts,  
That if I shold not for myne owne clothes deuise,  
Within a while they would not be worth a couple of

Of my mouth it wer pitie in myne opinion (nuts Insidee  
little.  
But that your geare shold be well trimmed,  
For you are well fauoured, and a prettie mynion,  
Feate, cleane made, wel compact, and aptly spinned;  
In Ierusalem there is not I dare say,  
A sweeter countenance, nor a moze lonyng face,  
Freshe and flourishing as the floures in May,  
I haue not sene a gentlewoman of a moze goodly grace  
Your parents I know, were very honozable,  
Whiche haue left you worshipfully to lyue here,  
And certainly I iudge it very commendable.  
That with your owne you can make good chere.

I thanke you for your good worde gentle friend, Mary.  
And sozasmuch as you did know my parentes,  
I can no lesse doe than loue you with all my mynd,  
Redy to do you pleasure at your comandementes.

*Verba puellarum folius leuiores caducis,*

The promise of maidens, the Doct doth say,  
Be as stable as a weake lease in the wynde,  
Like as a small blast bloweth a feather away,

Insidee  
little.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

So a faire word truly chaungeth a maidens mynd.  
 Forsothe I thanke you, O louyng woyme, good lord,  
 Yea, I knewe your fathers state and condillon,  
 The nobilitie of Iurie can beare me record,  
 That he was a man of a worshipfull disposition.  
 This my mistresse Marie, I had you in myne armes,  
 Before you were. iii. yeaues of age without doubt,  
 I preserved you many tymes from toze harmes,  
 Which in your childehode your enemies went about,  
 A gentiewoman of noble byrth as I doe thinke  
 Should haue seruants alwaies at her commaundment,  
 You are able to geue to many both meate and drinke,  
 Yea honest wages, and also necessary taiment.

May.

I petteine right well that you shewe me good will,  
 Censuryng my worshipfull state and dignitie:  
 You see that I am yong and can little skil  
 To prouide for myne owne honoz and bitillie.  
 Wherefore I pray you in all thyngs counsell to haue,  
 After what sort I may leade a pleasant life here,  
 And looke what it pleaseth you of me to craue,  
 I will geue it you gladly, as it shall appere.

Introe,  
 litle.

Say you so mistresse Mary, will you put me in trust  
 In faith I will tell you, you can not trust a wiser,  
 You shall liue pleasantly, euen at your hearts lust,  
 If you make me your counseller and druiser.  
 Remember that you are yong and full of dalliance  
 Lusty, couragious, fayre, beautifull and wise.  
 I will haue you to attempt all kyndes of pastance,  
 Wyllyng all pleasure at your owne heartes deuise.  
 Do you thinke that it is not moze than madnesse,  
 The lusty and pleasant life of a mans youth,  
 Miserably to passe about in study and sadnesse,





of Mary Magdalene.

It is extreme folly mistresse Mary for a truth,  
Be ye mery, and put away all fantasies,  
One thyng is this, you shal neuer be yonger in dede,  
Your bodily pleasure I would haue you to exercise,  
Sure you are of worldly substance neuer to nede.  
Certainly my parents brought me by in chyldhod, Mary.  
In veruous qualities, and godly literature,  
And also they bestowed vpon me muche good  
To haue me noutried in noble oznaure.  
But euermoze they were vnto me very tender,  
They would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe,  
My requests they would alwayes to me render,  
Wherby I knew y good will that to me they did owe.  
At their departing, their goodes they distributed  
Among vs their chlozen, whom they did well loue,  
But me as their dearyng, they most reputed,  
And gaue me the greatest part, as it oide behoue.

*Puellæ pestis, indulgentia parentum,*

Of parentes the tender and carnall sufferance,  
Is to yong maidens a very pestilence.  
It is a prouocation and furtherance,  
Vnto all lust and fleshy concupiscence.  
O mistresse Mary, your parentes dyd see,  
That you were beautifull and well fauoured:  
They did right well as it semeth me,  
That so worshipfully they haue you furthered.  
As I vnderstand, you haue in your possession  
The whole castel of Magdalene, with the pertaince,  
Which you may rule at your discretion,  
And obtaine thereby riches in abundance.  
What worldly pleasure can you want,  
What commodities haue you of your owne?

*Insuper  
litt.*

B.ii.

About

About Ierusalem is not suche a plant,  
As to me and many other is well knowen,  
It were decent I saye, to vse the fruition  
Of suche richesse as is left you here,  
You neuer heard in any erudition,  
But that one with his own should make good chere.

May.

By my trowth so would I, if I perfectly knew  
Which way I should good chere making begyn,  
A lusty disposition from me doth ensue:  
But without counsell, I am not worth a pyn.

Inside  
line.

Counsell in you shall want no counsell in dede,  
I know where a certayne company is,  
Whiche can geue suche counsell in tyme of nede,  
That you folowynge them can neuer speede amys.

May.

Nowe I pray you helpe me to that company,  
And looke what I am able to do for your pleasure,  
You shall haue it I promise you verily,  
Pea, whether it be landes, golde, or treasure.

Inside  
line.

The truth is so, they whom nowe I speake of,  
Are persons of great honoz and nobilitie,  
Felowes that loue neither to dally nor scoffe,  
But at once will tell you the veritie.

May.

Men of honour say you: tell me I you desire,  
Can you cause them trowe you shortly to be here?  
I wyll goe and prouide some other attyre,  
That accordyng to my byrthe I may appere.

Inside  
line.

Byrthe faith of my body, you are well arayde,  
I warrant you with these clothes they wil be content  
They had liefer haue you naked, be not astrayde,  
Then with your best holy day garment.

May.

You are a mery man in dede, you are a wanton,  
I will go and returne agayne by and by,





of Mary Magdalene.

As I am, I would with all my heart be known,  
So that I might be pleasant to every mans eye.

I pray you heartily that I may be so bold  
To haue a kisse or two before you doe depart,

Infidel:  
little.  
Mary.

If a kisse were worth a hundred pound of gold,  
You should haue it euen with my very heart. Exit.

I thanke you mistresse Mary by my maydenhood,  
Lord what a pleasant kysse was this of you :

Infidel:  
little.

Take her with you, I warant you toil neuer be good  
She is geuen to it, I make God auow.

And I trow I shall helpe to set her forward.

Shortly my ofspring and I shall her so dresse,  
That neither law nor prophets she shall regard,  
No though the sonne of God to her them expresse.

Infidelitie is my name, you know in dede,

Properly I am called the Serpents seede,

Like in whose heart my father Satan doth me sowe

There must all iniquitie and vice nedes growe,

The conscience where I dwell is a receptacle,

For all the diuels in hell to haue their habitacle,

You shall see, that Haries heart within short space,

For the diuell hym self shall be a dwelling place,

I will so dresse her, that there shall not be a woyle.

To her the diuell at pleasure shall haue his recourse,

I will go and prepare for her such a company,

As shall poison her with all kyndes of villanie,

Here entreteth Pride of lyfe, Cupiditie,  
and Carnall Concupiscence.

Whether arte thou goyng nowe Infidelitie?

Pride of Life now welcom, the spring of iniquitie,

Pride.  
Infidel:  
little.

O pride of life, thou neuer blest to go alone,

Geue me your handes also I pray you one by one.

B. iii.

Wel-

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Welcome pride of life with my whole heart & mynde,  
 And thou art welcome Cupiditie myne owne friend:  
 What, mynkin carnall concupiscence,  
 Thou art welcome heartily by my conscience.  
 To see thee mery Infidelitie I am right glad.  
 When Infidelitie is in health, I can not be sad.  
 Infidelitie: O Infidelitie, myne owne infidelitie,  
 I am glad to see thee mery now for a suretie,  
 I marvel what thou dost in this place alone,  
 I thought that out of Iurie thou hadst ben gone.  
 Out of Iurie: no carnall lust to thee I may tell  
 That with the chief princes now I do dwell:  
 The bishops, priestes and pharisses do me so retayne,  
 That the true sense of the lawe they do disdayne.  
 In faith there is some knavery in mynde,  
 That here by thy selfe alone we doe thee fynde.  
 Infidelitie in our fathers cause is occupied,  
 As within a while it shall be verified.  
 Am I: you would say so if ye knew all,  
 I was going forth you to call,  
 Know you not a wenche called Mary Magdalene?  
 Do I knowe hir: she is a pretty wenche and a cleane.  
 Since she had discretion hir haue I knowe,  
 Mary Magdalen (quod he) in dede she is myne owne  
 It is as proude & wile gyde truly I thinke,  
 As ever men sawe in this world eate or drinke.  
 And somewhat to do with hir now and then I haue  
 I allure hir for hir owne profite alway to saue.  
 I haue dressed hir so well truly I beleue,  
 That alreedy for Gods sake nothyng she will geue.  
 For my part in hir I haue kindled such a fyre,  
 That she beginneth to burne in carnall desyre.

Cushy





Cuthe, as yet you haue but hit mynde smothered,  
Whom she may forsake if she be repproved:  
But I would haue hit cleane vnto you so fast,  
That she shall not forsake you while her life doth last.  
If then be once rooted within the hart,  
Then maist thou make an entrance by thy craft & art  
So that we may come into hit at pleasure,  
Filling hit with wickednesse beyond all measure,  
In vs foure without faile be contained  
As many vices as euer in this world reigned.  
Now if we by thy means may in hit remain,  
She shall be sure all kyndes of vices to contain.

Ames  
little.

page.

Within my selfe you know that I contain a fozt,  
Whiche by name befoze you here I will report.  
My name is carnall concupiscence or desyre,  
Which all the pleasures of the fleshe doth requyre.  
First the fleshe to nourishe with drinke and meate  
Without abstinence like a beast alway to eate,  
To quasse and drinke when there is no necessitie,  
Joving in excesse, bealy there, and ebrietye.  
I containe in my selfe all kynd of lecherie,  
Fornication, whozedom, and wicked adulterie,  
Rape, incest, sacrilege, softnesse, and bestialitie,  
Blindnesse of moude, with every suche qualitie,  
Inconstancie, headinesse, and inconsideration,  
After the heartes popson and filthy communication,  
So then to the hate of God I do them byng,  
Causyng a loue in himself inordinatly to spryng.  
These and suche like I containe in my person,  
Thus you see that carnall lust gooth neuer alone.  
Thou hast rehered an abhominable rable,  
Where thou dyeldest, the deuill may haue a stable.

Car. con

further  
little.

With

An Enterlude of the Repentance

**Cupiditt** With thee I may boldly compare I troto,  
 For as many vices in me as in thee do groto.  
 You know that my name is called Cupidittie,  
 Whom Scripture calleth the roote of all iniquittie,  
 Infidelittie in dede is the seede of all syn,  
 But cupidittie openeth the gate, and letteth hym in:  
 I conteyne theft, deccate in sell yng and byng,  
 Perjurye, rapine, dissimulation, and lying.  
 Hardnesse of heart otherwise called inhumanittie,  
 Iniquitye, of mynde falshode and vanittie,  
 In me, is all hegeance enuie rancor and pye.  
 Murden, warre, treason, and greedie desyre,  
 I conteyne the wicked vices of blurie,  
 Dice and card playing with all kind of iniurie.  
 What mischiefs these enerye of synne,  
 But that cupidittie dyd it first of all begynne.  
**Infidelittie.** There can not be a moze synthy place in hell,  
 Than that is, where as cupidittie doth dwell.  
**Cupidittie** Yea, there is impiettie, the contempt of Gods lawe,  
 His woorde is no moze regarded than a vile strawe.  
**Pride of lyfe.** You contayne vices very wicked in dede,  
 But howe wicked is he, fro whom al syn doth proceede:  
 The beginning of syn, which doth ma fro god deuide  
 Scripture calleth is nothyng els but pride.  
 For I my selfe not onely conteyne you three,  
 But all vices in you, and that in enery degree,  
 Pride despiseth God, and committeth idolatrie  
 To God and man Pride is a very aduersarie,  
 I am full of boasting, arrogancie, and bainglorie,  
 Enuious, and of all other mens wealth right loze:  
 Pride causeth obstinacie, and disobedience,  
 Yea, it engendzeth idlenesse and negligence,

The





of Mary Magdalene.

The truth of Gods prophets through tirats of pride  
Hath ever unto this day ben cast asyde :

The men of God pride hath spitefully reputed,  
And with tyrants alway the same persecuted.  
Pride would neuer suffer any vertue to raigne,  
But oppressed it with great malice and disdainne.  
In a short summe & fewe wordes you shall know all,  
Pride caused Lucifer from heauen to hell to fall.  
Yea pride lost mankynd, and did him so infect,  
That God from his fauour dyd him alway reiect,  
Where as pride is, a token it is euident,  
That all other vices be euen there resident.

Where as you and all your offsprynge doth dwell,  
There is a place for all the diuels in hell :  
And playne it is, where as is suche fylthy sinne,  
There euen in this world their hell doth begynne.  
By such tyme as with vs Mary be furnished,  
With the deuill him self she shall be replenished.

Inside,  
littie.

In our tragedie we may not vse our owne names, **Pride.**  
For that would turne to al our rebukes and shames.

Pride with all thy abhominable stoz,  
At this tyme must be called Nobilitie and honoz.

Inside,  
littie.

Very well, for these women that be vicious,  
Are alwaies high mynded and ambitious.

Cupiditt

Neuer woman that could play a harlots part,  
Was either humble, or yet meke in hart.

Concu-  
piscence.

Yea and the same loued alway cupiditt,  
Therefore thy name shall be called Utilittie.

Inside,  
littie.

For hym a better name you could not expresse,  
For yll disposed women are alway merclesse.

Pride.

They are alwaies scraping, clabbing, & gathering,  
To maintaine their liues in wickednesse and synne.

Car.con  
cupiscence

C. i.

Carnall

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Inside,  
littie.

Carnall concupiscence shalbe called pleasure,  
And that pretie Marie loueth beyond all measure,

Prise.

Infidelitie may not be called infidelitie.

Inside,  
littie.

So, we will worke with a little more aueritie,  
Infidelitie for diuers respectes hath names diuers,  
Of the which some of the to you I purpose to reherse  
With bishops, priests, scribes, sentozs and pharisees,  
And with as many as be of the Jewes degrees,  
I am called Legall Justice commonly:

For why by the lawe them selues they do iustifie.

It is playne Infidelitie so to beleue:

Therefore there, suche a name to my selfe I do gene.

I haue a garment correspondente to that name,

By the which I walke among them without blame.

With publicans and sinners of a carnall pretence,

I am sometime called counsell, and sometime Prudence,

I cause them the wisdom of God to despise,

And for the flesh and the world wittily to deuise,

Prudence before Marie my name I will call,

Which to my suggestions will cause hir to fall:

A vesture I haue here to this garment correspondet,

Lo here it is, a gowne I trowe conuenient.

Prise.

For our honoz I pray thee heartily doe it weare.

Inside,  
littie.

Mary did talke with me before in this geare,

But bicause she shall the sooner to me apply,

put on a  
gowne &  
a cap.

I will dresse me in these garments euen by and by,

How thinke you by me now in this aray?

Mary loueth them I tell you, that vse to go gay,

Cupfall

Then hadst thou neede to mend thy folpish countenance

For thou lookest like one that hath lost his remembrance

Car. con  
cupiscence

With the one eye ouermuch thou blest to winke,

That thou meanest som fraude thereby thy wyl thinke





He that looketh with one eie, & winketh with an other,  
I would not trust (say they) if he were my brother.

Like obstinate friers I temper my looke, Iustice  
litte.  
Which had one eie on a wench, and an other on a boke  
Passion of God, behold, ponder commeth Marie,  
See that in your tales none from other do varie.

It is a pretie wenche that it is in dede, Iustice.  
Much to intreate her, I thynke we shall not nede,  
No, for I thinke she is yll inough of hir selfe, Captiuit  
She seemeth to be a proude little else.

I pray you behold how she trimmeth her geare: Car. con  
cupiscere  
She would haue all well about her every where.

Maidens (quod she) there is no gentlewoman I wene Mary.

So accumbred as I am, for such were neuer sene:

He on them, in good faith they are to badde,

They would make some gentlewoman stark madde.

Like as I put of my geare, so I do it fynde,

And I can not tel how oft I haue told the my mynd.

By the faith of my body if they do not amende,

To lay them on the bones surely I do intend.

Maxima quequar domus, seruis est plena superbis,

Every great house, as the Poet doth say, Iustice  
litte.

Is full of naughtie seruantes both night and day.

You say truth sir in dede, what old acquaintance: Mary.

Now forsooth you were out of my remembrance:

You haue changed your aray since I was here,

I am glad to see you mery and of a good chere.

And I of yours mistresse Mary with hart & mynd Iustice  
litte.

It is a ioy to see a gentlewoman so louyng and kynd

Shall I be so bold to kisse you at our metyng:

What else: it is an honest maner of greetyng. Mary.

Pleaseth it you to byd these gentlemen welcome: Iustice.

**Mary.** Pra forsooth, are they heartily all and some,  
I will kysse you all for this gentlemans sake,  
He is a friend of myne as I do hym take.

**Pride.** He is in dede, you may be sure mistresse Mary,  
There is no man lypng can say the contrary.

**Cupidity** He hath ben diligent to seke vs together,  
And for your sake he hath caused vs to come hither.

**Car. con** I dare say thus much, that he is your friende,  
**cupiscice** for he loueth you with his whole heart and mynde.  
He hath ben diligent about your cause,  
As it had bene his owne, and would neuer pause,  
Till he had perfozmed his desired request.

**Mary.** Which I am able to say is very honest,  
A gentle friend at so little acquaintance,  
Will you looke so much into my furtherance?  
It seemeth then if by me you had ben benesfited,  
You would haue my kyndnesse gently requited.

**Inside** Quo magis regitur, magis estur ignis  
**lie.** The more closely that you kepe fyre, no doubt  
The more feruent it is when it breaketh out.

**Mary.** Wel friend, I know what you meane by that besse  
What I wil do for you at this tyme I wil not rehesse  
But in one thyng truly I am muche to blame,  
That all this tyme I haue not inquired your name.  
Swete mistresse Mary, I am called Dyndence,  
Or els Counsell, full of wisedome and science,  
Here vnto you, honozable Honor I haue brought,  
A person alway to be in your mynde and thought,  
And this person is named Uillie,  
Very profitable for your commoditie,  
Pleasure is the name of this Opinion,  
Conuenient for you forsothe in myne opinion.





**W**isdom, Honor, Witte, and Pleasure,  
**O** who would desire in this world more treasure,  
**G**ramercy heart of gold for your great payne,  
**T**ruly of necessity, I must kisse you once agayne.  
**W**ill you for that is the thyng that haue I wold,  
**E**very kisse to me is worth a crowne of golde.  
**L**eane kysing, & treate we of matters more earnest.  
**L**et vs reason of thyngs concerning your request,  
**H**onor is my name, a qualitie for you requisite,  
**O**r rather of honor I am an appetite:  
**O**n the which must be all your meditation,  
**W**ith the hearts courage and myndes elevation:  
**I** tell you this desire must be ever next your hart.  
**S**ay ha there, backe, you must stand apart,  
**You** loue me best I trow, my selfe Mary.  
**F**or a hundred pound I would not say the contrary Mary.  
**A**nd in token Wisdom that I loue you best,  
**H**ere I ioyne you next vnto my heart and breast,  
**I**f ye embrace one, you must all embrace,  
**F**or one vs is to dwell all in one place.  
**E**athe from our purpose alway we do digresse,  
**L**et euery one of vs his qualities expresse.  
**A**greed, mistresse Mary heare you my counsell.  
**F**irst, all thought from your heart you must expell.  
**T**rouble not your selfe with any fantasies,  
**N**euer attend you to the lawe nor prophesies.  
**T**hey were inuented to make fooles astrayd,  
**H**earc them not, for they will make you dismayd,  
**G**od: tush, when was God to any man sene,  
**I** had not ben now alive, if any God had bene.  
 Homo homini Deus.  
**W**an, is God to man this matter is playne,

Mary.

Inside  
little.

Prise.

Inside  
little.

Mary.

Cupitt

Concu  
piscence.

Inside  
little.

Prise.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

**Cupiditt** And beleue you that none other God doth reigne:  
**Man** is the begynnyng of his owne operation:  
 Ergo then of none other gods creation,  
**Man** is his owne God therfore with vtilitie,  
 Let hym labour here to lyue in felicitie.  
**Conu. pience:** Of many ladies I am certaine you haue hard,  
 Which the people as goddesses dyd regard:  
 And why this was the cause truly in my iudgement,  
 They had all pleasure here at theyr commandement,  
 So that they liued in joy wealth and prosperitie,  
 Wyllyng all pleasures for their owne commoditie.  
**Intidell. litle.** To be a goddesse your selfe truly you must beleue,  
 And y you may be so, your mind therto you must geue  
 All other gods beside your selfe you must despise,  
 And set at nought their Scripture in any wise.  
**Pride.** How say you M. Mary do we not gree all in one:  
**Intidell.** Surely M. Mary we will make you a Goddess  
**Mary.** You please me exceedingly well verily, Canone.  
**Pride.** Persons you are of great witte and policie.  
**Intidell.** You must be proude, loftie, and of hye mynde:  
**Mary.** Despise the poore, as wretches of an other kynde:  
**Intidell.** Your countenance is not ladylike inough yet.  
**Mary.** I see well that we had nede to teache you moze wif.  
**Intidell.** Let your eyes roll in your head, declaryng your pride,  
 After this sozt you must cast your eyes aside.  
**Mary.** How thinke you by this maner of countenance:  
**Pride.** Conueniēt for such as be not of your acquaintance.  
**Cupiditt** I doubt not but she will do right well hir part,  
 By that tyme that all we be fast within hir hart,  
**Carnall** Marke the garmentes of other in any wise,  
**conu. pience.** And be you sure of one of the newest guise,  
 Your haire me thynke is as yelow as any gold.

Upon





of Mary Magdalene.

Upon your face layd about haue it I wold.

Sometime on your forehead, the breadth of an hand,

Sometime let your attire vpon your crowne stand,

That all your haire for the most part may be in sight,

To many a man a fayre haire is a great delight.

In sommer time now and then to kepe away flies, In the  
little.

Let some of that faire haire hang in your eyes:

With a hotte needle you shall learne it to crispe,

That it may curl together in maner like a wisp.

By my trouth you are a merrie gentleman, Mary:

I will follow your counsell as much as I can.

By your eares sometimes with pretty tushes & topes Pride.

You shall folde your haire like Comboyes.

It becommeth a yong gentlewoman be ye sure,

And yong men vnto your loue it will allure.

If the colour of your haire beginneth for to fade, Captiuitie

A craft you must haue, that yelow it may be made,

With some Goldsmith you may your selfe acquaint,

Of whome you may haue water your haire for to paint.

Besides Goldsmithes water, there is other yea, Conceit  
piscence.

Very good also to colour agayne the heare,

Yea, if you were not beautifull of your visage,

A painter could make you to apere in a lusty courage

And though you were as aged as any creature,

A Painter on your face would set such an equiure,

That you should seme yong and very faire,

And like one whose beaultie doth neuer dispaire.

O Mary, had you neuer that smal pox in your pouth? In the  
poxe.

You are a mad fellow, prudence, of a truth.

I pray you O. Prudence, wherfore ask you that? Pride.

It is like that in you he hath spied somewhat.

Alas good gentlewoman, she blushes like coles. Can. can

In the

An Interlude of the Repentance

**Inside, litle.** In dede about her nose there be little pretty holes,  
**Cherfoze** I thynk that she hath had the pockes,  
**I meane** good faith without any gaudes oz mockes.  
**Spary.** If there be any fautes in my face verily,  
**For money** I trust shortly to haue remedy.  
**Pride.** Distresse Mary there is not a fayrer in this town.  
**Insidell.** Yea by saint Anne she is louely in coloz, but brown.  
**Car. con** If she be not content with that native colour,  
**cupisice** A painter will set on one of moze honour.  
**Inside, litle.** I haue known painters that haue made old croncs  
**To appeare** as pleasant as little pretty yong Jones.  
**Pride.** Let vs retorne agayne to our oznamentes,  
**I would** haue you pleasant alway in your garments  
**Upon** your forehead you must weare a bon grace,  
**Which** like a penthouse may com farre ouer your face,  
**And** an other from your nose vnto your throte,  
**Of** beluet at the least, without spot oz moate,  
**Your** garments must be so woyme alway,  
**That** your white pappes may be seene if you may.  
**Captiuit** If yong gentlemen may see your white skin,  
**It will** allure them to loue, and soone byng them in.  
**Concu** Both damels and wiues ble many such feates,  
**pisice.** I know them that will lay out their faire teates,  
**Purposely** men to allure vnto their loue,  
**For** it is a thyng that doth the heart greatly moue,  
**At** such sights of beautie, I haue known men in deir  
**That** with talking & beholding their noses will blede.  
**Through** great cozage moued by such goodly sightes,  
**Labouring** the matter further with all their myghts.  
**Spary.** Your woordes do not enly prouoke my desire,  
**But** to pleasure they set my heart on fyre.  
**Insidell.** Sometime for your pleasure you may beare a pain,  
**But**





But about all thyngs gyrd your self in the waste,  
 Upon your ouer body you may nothyng els weare,  
 But an vnlined garment without any other geare.  
 Let your body be pent, and together strained,  
 As hard as may be, though therby you be pained.  
 We will make the thyng easy there is no doubt. Pride.  
 Yea pardee, gentlewomen ble if now all about. Cupidite  
 Your nether garmets must go by gymmes & ioynts Inside.  
 About your buttocks thei must be tied on to points. litt.  
 Some women a doublet of fyne linnen ble to weare  
 Unto the which they tye theyr other nether geare,  
 With boiers & houpes your garments must be made,  
 Pleasure your mynion shall thew you in what trade.  
 In the wast I wil haue ye as small as a wand. Concup.  
 Yea so smal, that a man may span you with his hand. piscence.  
 It skilleth not though in the buttocks you be great Infidell.  
 No for there the is like many tymes to be beate. Car. con.  
 Well wantons well, are ye not ashamed?  
 In dede mistresse, they are woorthy to be blamed. Pride.  
 You must reioyce in your richesse and good, Pride.  
 And let muche by your kynrede and noble blood;  
 Boast of them, and when of them you do talke,  
 Of their comendations let your tong enermoze walke.  
 Daily thus, my lord my father, or mi lady my mother  
 My lord my uncle, and my maister my brother.  
 I promise you I come of a stocke right honozable, Pride.  
 Therfore my talk of them can not be to comendable.  
 It is a stock (they say) right honozable and good, Inside.  
 That hath neither these nor whoze in their blood. litt.  
 No more words: how say you? here by pleasure &  
 Forsooth sweete heart, I loue him beyond al measure. Pride.  
 Body of god, for this al this while haue I wrought. Infidell.  
D. i.                      Bp

An Enterlude of the Repentance

By your snitching lobe oftentimes on him so I thought  
What do you loue hym better than you loue me :

Mary.

Inside,  
little.

Concu-  
piscere.

Which of you I should loue best truly I can not se:

This is a true prouerbe, and no fained fable,

Few womens words, be honest, constant, and stable.

Truly M. Mary if ye loue me, theras nothing lost,

Loue they say, leopardeeth all, and spareth for no cost,

*Voluptas autem est sola quæ nos vocet ad se,*

*Et aliciat suapte natura,*

Pleasure sayth one man, of his owne nature,

Allecteth to hym euery humayn creature :

Now what person soeuer doth pleasure hate,

As a beast is to be abiected both early and late.

Let me haue a worde or two in your eare.

How say you by that, like you not that prettie geare :

Mary.

Inside,  
little.

Ha, ha, ha, you are a fond body pleasurable verily.

Doth he not moue you to matrimoine :

Take hede that he byrnyng you not to suche dotage.

For many incommodities truly be in marriage,

Capit.

*et chiper habent lites, alterq; iurgia secans,*

*In quo pupa iacet minimum dormitur in illo,*

The hedde boherin lieth any married wife,

Is neuer without chidyng, brawlyng, and strife,

That woman shall neuer sleape in quiete,

Which is married contrary to his diete.

Prose.

Of all bondage truly this is the ground,

A gentlewoman to one husband to be bound.

Car. con

Suche mistresse Mary, be ye not in subiection,

Better it is to be at your owne election.

What thyng in this world excelleth libertie :

Neither gold nor treasure for a suretie,

Take you now one, and then an other hardely,

Such





Such as for the tyme will to you louyngly apply.  
 That will be a meane truly to lese my good name. *Spary.*  
 And so among the people I shal suffer blame. *Coton*  
 Ye shal not kepe my counsel, if ye can not kepe your *Inside*  
 Can you not make good there, but it must be knowne. *litt.*  
 As touching that, I will be to you suche a meane. *Concu*  
 As shal teache you alwaies to conuey the matter cleue *pliscence*  
 Take you none but gentlemen with beluet coates, *Widc.*  
 It is to be thought, that they ar not without groates  
 In any wise see that your louers be yong and gay, *Cupiditi*  
 And suche fellows as be well able to pay.  
 Say truly if I should attempt any such geare, *Spary.*  
 I would take where I lued alway here and there.  
 Spoken like a worthy swete gyrl by the masse, *Concu*  
 I warant all this geare will well come to passe. *pliscence*  
 You must euer haue a tongue well fyled to flatter, *Inside*  
 Let your garmentes be spinkled with rose water. *litt.*  
 Use your ciuet, pommader, muske, which be to sell,  
 That the odoz of you a myle of, a man may smell,  
 With swete oymments such as you can appoynt,  
 Use you euermore your propre body to anoynt.  
 With fine meats & pure wines do your body nozish *Concu*  
 That will cause you in all pleasure to flozish: *pliscence*  
 And when one for your mynde you can espye,  
 Use a smylng countenance and a wanton eye.  
 Upon all suche as ye mynd not, looke you aloft, *Widc.*  
 To them that be not of your diet be you not soft,  
 Ha, ha, ha, laugh now I pray God I dye if euer I *Spary.*  
 Such pleasant companions as you all be. *(Did se,*  
 You speake of many thynges here of pleasure,  
 Which to vse truly requirerh muche treasure.  
 If you can wisely occupie this pretie geare, *Car.com*  
 D.ii. I will

Indice  
litie.

Parp.

I will warrant you to get an hundred pound a yeare.  
Hold by the market, and let them pay for the ware,  
Be ever catchyng and takyng, doe you not spare,  
I may ble dailance and pastyme a while,  
But the courage of youth will soone be in exile.  
I remember yet since I was a little foole,  
That I learned verses when I went to schoole,  
Which be these :

Forma bona fragilis est, quantum accedit ad annos,  
Fit minor, & spacio carpitur illa suo,  
Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia florent,  
Et rigit amissa spina relicta rosa.

The pleasure of youth is a thyng right fragile,  
And is yearely lesse, so that at length it doth falle,  
The sweete violets and lilies flourish not alway :  
The rose soone dyeth, and lasteth not a day.  
I see in other women by very experience,  
That the tyme of youth hath no long permanence.

Indice  
litie.

In good faith when ye are come to be an old maude,  
Then it will be best for you to play the baude.  
In our countrey there be such olde mother bees,  
Which are glad to cloke baudy for their fees,  
This is the order, such as were harlots in their youth  
May ble to be baudes evermore for a truth.

Parp.

When the courage of them is altogether past,  
In age they ble to get their living with such a cast.

Captiuit

Cushe, your friends have left you honest possibls,  
Which you may imploy after suche discretions,  
That a worshipfull state you may maintayne,  
Besides that, with the other feate you may gayne.  
Oppresse your tenants, take fines, and raise rentes,  
Hold by your houses and lands with their contents.

Bye





or spary pagaments.

Buy by great measure, and sell by small measure,

This is a way to amplifie your treasure:

Sell your ware for double more than it is worth,

Though it be starke nought, yet put it forth,

A thousand castes to enrichen you I can tell,

If you be content to be alway my counsell,

Yes by the faith of my body, els I were not wise, spary:

For my profite is your counsell and deuise.

Now say you mistresse Mary, tell vs your mynde, Insider:

To embrace vs & loue vs can you in your heart synde: title.

Truly hart rote I loue you all, with al my hart, spary.

Trusting that none of vs from other shall depart.

In token wherof, I embrace you in myne armes,

Trusting that you will defend me from all harmes:

Will we: yea we will see so for your prosperitie, pnde.

That you shall haue in toy and felicitie.

I will see that you shall haue good in abundance, Captiui

To maintaine you in all pleasure and dalliance.

And new kyndes of pastyme I will inuent, Concu

With the which I trust ye shall be content. pliche

Mistresse Mary can you not play on y<sup>e</sup> virginals: Insider.

Yes sweete heart that I can, and also on the regals, spary.

There is no instrument but that handle I can,

I thynke as well as any gentlewoman.

If that you can play vpon the recorder, Insider:

I haue as fayre a one as any is in this border. title.

Truely you haue not sene a more goodlie pipe,

It is so bigge that your hand can it not gripe.

Will you be so good as to play vs a daunce: pnde.

And we wil do you as great pleasure it may chaunce.

Alas we haue no suche instrument here. spary.

I knowe where you may haue all suche geare. Car. com

An Enterlude of the Repentantes

No instrumentes noz pastime that you can requite,  
But I can bypnyng you vnto it at your desire.

Cupiditti Will you take the payne to go before thither:  
And mistresse Mary and we will come together.

Infidell. How say you mistresse Mary, are you content:  
Mary. Looke what you will do, I will therto assent.

Pride. I thinke it best that we.iii. depart hence,  
And let mistresse Mary com thither with Audence.

Infidell. Be it so, then husband I will come alone,  
I trust that by the way we will make one.

Pray M. Mary we must haue a song of.iii. partes  
At your departyng to reioyce our mery hartes.

Cupiditti The treble you shall maister Pleasure syng  
So freshly that soz toy your heart shall spynng,  
Uillitie can syng the bale full cleane,  
And Noble Honor shall syng the meane.

Infidell. Mistresse Mary will you helpe to syng a part:  
Mary. Yea swete heart with you with all my hart.

Infidell. In faith we will haue a song of your name.  
Come syng helpe I pray you to syng the same.

The song Hey dery, dery, with a lussy dery,  
Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Your pretie person we may compare to Lais,  
A mozell soz princes and noble kynges,  
In beautie you excell the fayre lady Thais,  
You exceede the beautifull Helene in all thyngs,  
To behold your face who can be wearie:

Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be merie.  
The haire of your head thyneth as the pure gold,  
Your eyes as gray as glasse and right amiable,  
Your smylng countenance so louely to behold,  
To vs all is mosse pleasant and delectable,





of Mary Magdalene.

Of your commendations who can be worthy?

Puffa my sweete Mary, I pray you be merry.  
Your lips as rubby as the redde Rose,

Your teeth as white as euer was the whales bone,  
So cleane, so sweete, so sayre, so good, so frethe, so gay,

In all furie truly at this day there is none.

With a lusty voyce syng we Joy dery dery.

Puffa my sweete Mary, I pray you be merry.

Suche pleasant companions I haue not sene before, Mary.  
Now I pray you let vs dwell together euermore,

To your heart we are so fast conglutinate,  
That from thence we shall neuer be separate.

Yet from your syght at this tyme we will depart,  
Assuryng you to remayn still in our hart.

We thre will go before some thyng to prepare,  
That shalbe to your commonitie and welfare.

Fare you well my heartes ioy, pleasure, and blisse.

It is good maner at our departing to kisse,  
I must kisse to, if I tary still.

You shall haue kisses inough, euen when you will.

Gramercy in dede myne owne good louyng I agge  
It doth me good in myne armes you to hugge,

How say you now by these mynions?

I say as you sayn dede they are mynions,

And suche persons as long tyme I haue desired,

I thanke you, that for me you haue them inquired.

You must thinke on the counsell that they did geue,

They will perfoyme their sayynges you shall beleue.

I am not obliuious I warant you my freinde,

For I haue prynced all their woordes in my mynde,

I haue determined by them to direct my life,

So that no man shalbe able to set vs at strife.

Pyde.

Cupidi

Car. con  
cupiscere

spary.

Excunt All thre  
Indee.

sparie.

Indee  
littie.

spary.

Indee  
littie.

spary.

Will

An Enterlude of the Repentance

**Inside-  
litle.** Will you resort with me vnto Jerusalem:  
There we shall be sure in a place to fynde them.  
A banquet they haue prepared for you I dare say,  
Suche a one as hath not ben sene before this day.  
**Mary.** Alas why do they suche great cost on me bestow:  
**Inside-  
litle.** Truly bicause you their good hearts should know,  
There is nothyng lost that is done for such a friende,  
I wis mistresse Mary, I wold you knewe al my mind.  
**Mary.** Gentle Prudence if you haue any thyng to say,  
Breake your mynd boldly to me as you go by y way.  
**Inside-  
litle.** Will you come: you had nede to go but softly,  
Take hede, for the way is foule and slipperie:  
If neuer so litle backward you chaunce to slippe,  
Up into your saddle forsooth I am redy to skippe.  
**Mary.** So wanton, get you forth with forsooth,  
We shal be at Jerusalem I think to morow. *Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Symon the Pharise,  
and Malicious Judgement.*

**Simon  
pharise,** I thought surely y here we shold haue found him,  
**Malicio-  
us judgement** It was shewed me that he was here about in dede.  
**Simon.** The last weeke he was at the Citie of Naim,  
And from thens I wote not whether he did procede.  
He did a maruellous act there, as we heard say,  
For the which the people do him greatly praise:  
Wherels he worketh almost every day.  
At Naim a dead chyld agayne he did raise,  
All things he doth by the power of the great deuil,  
And that you may see by his conuersation,  
He kepeth company with suche as be euill,  
And with them he hath his habitation:  
A frende of sinners, and a drynker of wyne,  
Neuer conuersant with suche as be honest.

*Against*





Against the labe he teacheth a doctrine,  
 All holy Religion he doth detest,  
 The reverend bishops and you the pharisees,  
 He calleth hypocrites, and doth you revile,  
 So he doth the doctours and scribes of all degrees,  
 Beside that, the Synboth also he doth defile.  
 He blasphemeth as great blasphemie as ever was,  
 The sonne of the living God he doth himself call,  
 He saith, that he is the very same Messias,  
 Prophecied before of the prophets all.  
 I promise you right worshipfull Sathan,  
 Your temple, lawe, and people shal be made captive,  
 If in this sort he be suffered alone,  
 And you shall lose all your prerogative.  
 We the fathers of the church do stand,  
 About hym have consulted together;  
 To destroy hym we have alleaged reasons,  
 But many thyngs therein we do consider.  
 His doctrine is marvellous this is true,  
 And his workes are more marvellous doubtlesse,  
 If as yet we should chaunce hym to pursue,  
 Much inconvenience might chaunce and distresse,  
 The people do hym for a great prophete take,  
 He doth so much good among them that be sicke,  
 That they wote not what or hym to make,  
 For he healeth bothe the madde and the lunatike.  
 We thinke verily, that if doth you behouie,  
 Which are men of learning and intelligence,  
 His doctrine and miracles wisely to proue,  
 And whence he had them to haue experience.  
 By my faith I will tell you what was my pretence,  
 To haue bidden him to dyner this day I thought,

Simon

Salicio  
judge.

Simon

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Where we would haue examined his science,  
And by what power such wonders he brought.  
But if I can not haue hym in my house this day,  
I will appoynt an other day for the same cause.  
Then will we appoint for hym some other way.  
If we fynd hym contrary to our labors.

*Salicio iudge.* Ne credas aemponi; trust not the tyme he doth say;  
I feare that you will permitte hym to long:

There is ever peryll in muche delay,

*Simon.* Neuer suffre you to raigne ought that is wrong.  
Well, seying that at this tyme he doth not appere,

I will returne hence as fast as I may,

Take you the payne a while to tary here

To see if he chance at any tyme to come this way.

O; if you dem where he is resident,

Let vs haue word as fast as ever you can.

*Salicio iudge.* As concerning your request I will be diligent,  
To doe you pleasure euermore I am your man.

It shall cost me a fall I promise hym truly.

Except I bring hym shortly to arende.

Watche for hym will I, in all places duly,

I will know what the marchant doth intende.

A beggerly wretch, that hath not of his owne,

One house or cabyn wherein he may rest his heade:

Is parents for poore laboring folks as wel known,

And haue not things which shold stand the in steed

No man knoweth where he lerned & went to schoole,

And yet he taketh vpon hym to teache men doctrine;

But within a while he will proue hym selfe a foole,

And come to pfter destruction and ruine.

As he able, thinke you, to withstande.

So many bishops, priests, and parishes;

Grate





Great learned men, and senators of the lande,  
With other people that be of their affinites:  
His folp by his presumption he doth declare,  
I while we are content that he doth raigne,  
But I trust to make him boecarie of his welfare,  
If I may see hym in this countrey agayne.

Ha, ha, ha, laugh quod he: laugh I must in dede,  
I neuer labor a bolder harlot in my life,  
To prompt hir forward we shall not nede,  
So poynt of synne but that in hir is rife.

Indice,  
little.

Infidelitie: what a dinell doest thou here:  
I had not knowne thee but by thy voyce.

Palicio  
ingemet

Palicious indgement I pray thee what chere,  
To see thee merry at my heart I doe reioyce.

Indice,  
little.

What a dinell meanest thou by this geare:  
This garment is not of the wonted fashion.

Palicio  
indge,  
little.

For every day I haue a garment to weare,  
Accordyng to my worke and operation,

Indice

Among the Pharisses, I haue a Pharisses gotten,  
Among publicans and synners an other I vse,

I am best I tell thee now, both in cite and towne,  
And chiefly among the people of the Jewes.

This is the cause: these Messias, who Christ they cal  
Is come into the world, sinners to forgeue.

Now my labour is both with great and small,

That none of them do hym nor his wordes beleue.

The bishops & pharisses I make þ more hard harted

The synners of them that are disposed to synne,

I augment, so that they can not be conuerted,

So that hard it will be any geare to wyne.

Among them Palicious indgement is not my name  
The true intellection of the law they doe me call,

Palicio  
indge

An Enterlude of the Repentance

**Justice, little.** Carnally I cause them to understand the same,  
And accordyng to their owne nature to iudge all.  
**Justice, little.** Thou knowest that among the I am Justice legal  
For by the dedes of the law they will be iustified,  
So that the doctrine of the Messias euangelicall,  
Shalbe despised, and he therefore crucified.  
**Justice, little.** The reverend father Simon the Pharisee,  
To haue spoken with him, even now was here:  
Under the pretence of friendship and amitie,  
He would bid him to dine, and make him good chere,  
Not for any good will that to hym he doth owe,  
But to proue his fashion, learning, and power.  
Good will quoth he: No, no that I do know.  
**Justice, little.** For if they durst, he should die within this house,  
But let this passe, I will tell thee what I haue done,  
Knowest thou not a wench called Mary Magdalene?  
**Justice, little.** Yes mary, I dyd see her yesterday at noone,  
A prettie wenche she is in deede and a cleane.  
**Justice, little.** I haue brought her now into such a case,  
That she is past the feare of God and shame of man,  
She worketh pryvily in every place,  
Pea and prouoketh other thereto now and then,  
I would thou dydst see hir disposition,  
Thou hast not sene hir like I think in thy dayes.  
**Justice, little.** If she haue tasted of thy erudition,  
I doubt not but she knoweth all toched ways,  
To se her fashion I would bestowe my forty pence,  
But at this tyme I can no longer tary here,  
About my busynesse I must depart hence,  
Seekyng for the same Christ both farre and nere.  
**Justice, little.** Very little I hope for his commoditie,  
To doe hym any good dost thou intende:

Thou





of Mary Magdalene.

Thou knowest my mynde right well Infidelite,  
What mende we any more tyme to spende:  
Farewell, thou wilt come to dinner to day.

Malcio  
Iudge:

Malcio Symon wilt have him if it be possible. Exit.

Thou knowest that I dwell with such men alway,  
For in his heart I am even now invisible.

Infide-  
lite.

Well remembered, yet I must provide a garment  
Agaynst that I come to my master Symon,  
About the which the preceptes of the testament  
Must be written in order one by one.

Howe wilt I returne to my minion againe  
I may not from him be away absent.

If his companie I should a litle restraîne,

I knowe well that he would not be content.

Hozelson, I beseeche your heart, are you here?  
I may doe what I will for you.

Mary:

Hulla mistresse Mary, are you so neare?  
I thought otherwise I make God auowe.

Infide-  
lite.

I pray you let me haue a worde in your eare,

I promise you he is a minion felowe.

By my faith I thought that you had ben there,

For I sawe when you had hym follow.

By my faith I judge you haue a false eye,

Mary:

I body can neuer so secretly worke,

But that they shall dance you will espie,

I trowe for the nones you lye in corners and lurke.

But sirra, how say you to hym in the flaxen beard?

That is a knaue that hozelson, boote you what he did?

In my life was I neuer worse asfayde,

When I came to bed, I found him there hid.

Out alas, quod I, here is some yll sprite,

I smelte savour of muske and civet I smell,

Exit.

Come

**An Enticement of the Repentance**

**Come and lye with me Mary quod he, this night,**

**Then I knew who it was, when his beard I felt.**

**Inside,  
litie.**

**I bestow your hearts, whoze & these wer agreed  
You knew the spirit wel inough befoze you cam there  
I am sure, that so honestly he had you feed,  
That the reward dyd put away the feare.**

**Mary.**

**Good lord, who is this that yonder doth come &  
What meane the tables that be in his hand:**

**Inside,  
litie.**

**Come asyde a little, and geue hym rounne,  
And what he is anone we shall vnderstand.**

**The  
Lawe.**

**The Lawe of God at this tyme I do represent,  
Written with the synger of God in tables of stone,  
Wherby the people might know their lord omnipotent  
And how that he is the Lord God alone.**

**A petullar people to him selfe he had elected,**

**Comming of the stocke of faithfull Abraham,**

**Whom by the lawe he would haue directed,**

**After that out of Egypt from Pharao they came,**

**In me as in a glasse it doth plainly appere,**

**What God of his people doth require,**

**What the peoples durtie is, they may see here,**

**Which they owe vnto God in paine of hell fyre.**

**In me is declared the same iustice,**

**Whiche vnto God is acceptable.**

**Whans synne is here shewed; and proude enterpryse,**

**Wherby he is committed to paines perdurable.**

**It was necessary and it dyd behoue,**

**Considering mans pride and tengeritie,**

**Whiche was drounke and blynde in his owne loue,**

**To make a lawe to shewe his imbecillitie.**

**Except the lawe had rebuked his vanitie,**

**So much he would haue trusted in his owne strengthe**

**And**





And beleued, that through þ power of his humanitie,  
He might haue obtained saluation at length.

Wherfore as I sayd to a glasse compared I may be,

Wherin clerely as in the sunne lyght,

The weakenesse and sinne of him self he may se,

Yea and his owne damnation as it is ryght.

Foz the curse of God foloweth synne alway,

And damnation foloweth malediction :

By this it appereth as cleare as the day,

That my office is to fyll the mynde with affliction,

I am a ministratioun of death woorkyng yre,

I shewe Gods request, and mans ynabilitie,

I condemne hym foz synne vnto eternall fyre,

I fynde not one iust of mans fragilltie.

O Prudence, heare you not what the labe doth say, pary.

Exceedingly it pricketh my conscience.

I may crie out alas now and welaway,

Foz I am damned by Gods owne sentence.

Prick of conscience, quod she: it pricketh you not so sore. Infer-

As the yong man with the flaxen beard dyd I thinke litie.

What a diuell about him here do you poare.

If euer I see any such, I pray God I synke.

The more you loke on him, þ worse like him you shal.

Come away, come away from him foz very shame.

And in dede will you be gaspyng on him styll.

If you repent not this, let me suffer blame.

O frend Prudence, doe you see ponder glasse: pary.

I will tell what therein I doe see :

I can not speake foz sorowe, now out alas,

All men foz synne by Gods sentence damned be.

The spirite of God speaketh by kyng Salomon,

That no man on earth lyueth without synne.

David.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

David saith there is none good, no not one,  
No not a child that this day doth his life begynne.  
Nowe synne I see requireth eternall damnation,  
If a childe be damned that is but a day olde,  
Alas, where then shall be my habitation:  
Whiche hath done moze synnes than can be tolde.

**The**  
**Lawe.** Pea woman, God doth not onely prohibite the dede,  
But he forbiddeth the lust and concupiscence,  
Therefore thy heart hath great occasion to blede,  
For many lustes and dedes hath defiled thy conscience.

**Inside,**  
**litie.** Body of God, are you so madde him to beleue:  
These thyngs are wrytten to make folkes afrayde,  
Will ye to him or to his credence geue:  
Or to your friends, by whom you were neuer distaith:  
And I put case that the wordes nowe were trewe,  
He speaketh of men, but no women at all,  
Women haue no sowles, this saying is not trewe,  
When shall be damned, and not women which do fall.

**The Lawe.** By this terme man, truly in holy Scripture,  
Is vnder take both man, woman, and child in dede,  
Pea as many of both kyndes as be of mans nature,  
Whiche procede of Adam the first parents seide.

**Enter**  
**knowe,**  
**ledge of**  
**saune.** By the Lawe cometh the knowledge of synne,  
Whiche knowledge truly here I represent,  
Whiche steale and byte the conscience within,  
Causing the same evermore to lament.  
I am evermore before the conscience sight,  
Shewing before hym his condemnation,  
So that by the dedes of the lawe, or by his owne might  
He can not attaine vnto saluation.

**Justice,**  
**litie.** Lo Mary, haue ye not sponne a sayre forde:  
Here is a pocky knave, and an yll favoured,

**The**





The deuill is not so euill fauoured I thinke in dede.  
Corrupt, rotten, stinking, and yll fauoured.

It is not possible truly to declare here.

The horrible, lothsome, and stinking bilittie,  
Which befoze the eyes of God doth appere,  
Committed by this wretched womans iniquitie.

Know-  
ledge of  
synne.

Now wo be to the time that euer I was bozne,  
I see that I am but a damned deuill to hell,  
I know that there with diuels I shall be tozne,  
And punished with moze pains than my tong can tell  
O blessed Lawe shew me some remedy,

Wary.

The Prophete calleth thee immaculate and pure,  
Thou of thy selfe in many places doest testifie,  
That the keepers of thee are alway safe and sure.

He that obserueth all thyngs wrytten in me,  
Shall liue in them, as Moyses doth expresse:

the Lawe

But neuer man yet in this world I dyd see,  
Which dyd not the contentes in me transgresse.  
It is beyond all mans possibilitie,

To obserue any commandement in me required,  
Therby appeareth his weaknesse and fragilitie,  
Hapned through sinne, that against God he conspired.

The power of the lawe is mans synne to declare,  
And to shew his damnation for the same,  
But to giue saluation for the soules welfare,  
The lawe doth no suche promise any tyme proclame.

Know-  
ledge of  
synne.

If there be no moze comfort in the lawe than this,  
I wishe that the lawe had neuer ben made:

Wary.

In God I see is small mercy and Justice,  
To entangle men, and snarle them in such a trade.

I can you thanke for that Wary in dede:  
Well spoken, an vntrist God do you esteeme,

Infinite  
littie.

f.i.

Even

**Even from the heart: that sentence dyd p[ro]ceede,**  
**fear not, shew blissh God do you blaspheme:**  
**You see no remedy but viter damnation.**  
**Folowe thy counsell, and put care away,**  
**Take here your pleasure and consolacion,**  
**And make you mery in this worlde while you may.**  
**Of one hell I would not haue you thynke to make:**  
**Be sure of heauen while you dwell here,**  
**Refresh your self, and at pleasure doe you take,**  
**Plucke by a lusty heart, and be of a good chere.**

Mary.

**O this knowledge of synne is so in my syght,**  
**That if I should dye truely I can not be mery.**

Inside,  
little.

**We will ridde the knaue hence anon by this light.**  
**Oz else of his life I will soone make him wearie.**

the Law

**O synner, from thy heart put that infidelitte,**  
**Which hath dyetoned thee already in the pit of hell,**  
**Trust thou in Gods might and possibilitie,**  
**Wherof neither angell noz man is able to tell.**

Know-  
ledge of  
synne.

**That thing in dede, whiche to man is impossible,**  
**I sa small thyng for God to byng to passe,**  
**This mercy to all senses is compzehe[n]sible,**  
**Which he will declare by his holy Messias.**

the Law

**That thing which I ca not do throug[h] my infirmity**  
**God is able by his son to perfozm in tyme appointed,**  
**All my contentes be shadowes of his maiestie,**  
**Whom now in this tyme God hath anoynted.**

Know-  
ledge of  
synne.

**That Messias alone onely shall the law fulfill,**  
**And his fulfilling shall be in suche acceptation,**  
**That God for his sake shall pardon mankyndes yll,**  
**Acceptyng his offeryng for a full contentation.**

the Law

**That Messias is the stone spoken of before,**  
**Which of vayne builders should be refused,**

yet





Yet he shall be the corner stone of honour,  
Which in the building of gods temple shall be used.

And all that trust in hym with true beleue,  
That he is very God and man, into this world sent,  
God will all their synnes for his sake forgeue,  
So that they can be contrite and repent.

I neuer beleued yet vnto this day,  
That God was able of nothyng all things to make,  
And as well I beleue also that he may,  
Forgeue, and mercy vpon synners take,  
But seying that he hath made a determination,  
By a law that none shall be saued good or badde,  
Then he that would looke for any saluation,  
Truly I take hym ten tymes for worse, than madde.

He that will not the keepers of the law saue,  
Which obserue diligently his commaundementes,  
Such lesse truly on them mercy he will haue,  
Which haue contemned all his words & iudgements.

Wel Mary, I haue condemned thee vnto hell fyre,  
Yet not so condemned thee, but if thou canst beleue  
In that Messias, which for thee doth enquire,  
There is no doubt but thy synnes he will forgeue.  
Thy soze is knowne, receiue thy salue and medicine,  
I haue the sicke to the leache, geue good eare,  
Hearken diligently vnto his good discipline,  
And he will heale thee, doe nothyng feare. Exit.

Let me fele your poules mistresse Mary be you sick  
By my trouth in as good tēpre as any woman can be  
Your paines are full of bloud, lusty and quicke,  
In better taking truly I did you neuer see.

The body is whole, but sick is the conscience,  
Which neither the law nor man is able to heale,

f.ii.

It is syne.

Know-  
ledge of  
Sime:

Mary:

Iustice  
littell

the Law

Iustice  
littell

Know-  
ledge of

**It is the woith of God receyued with penitence,  
Like as the doke of wylledome both plainly reuealeth.**

**Justice,  
little.**

Conscience how doth thy conscience litle Halla  
Was thy conscience sicked, alas little foole:  
Hoozelen foolcs, set not a pyne by them all,  
Wise inough in dede, to folowe their foolishhe schoole.  
You bottell nosed knaue, get you out of place,  
Auoyde thinking hoozelen, a popson take thee,  
Hence, or by God I will lay thee on the face,  
Take hede that hereafter I doo you not see.

**Know-  
ledge of  
synne.**

Though I appere not to hit carnall syght,  
Yet by the meanes that she knoweth the lawe,  
I shall trouble hit always both day and night,  
And vpon hit conscience continually gnawe.

**Justice,  
little.**

What there: nowe is here but we twayne alone,  
Be mery mistresse Mary, and away the mare,  
I murreyn go with them, now they be gone,  
Blucke by your stomache, and put away all care.

**Mary.**

O maister Pynence, my heart is soze bered,  
The knowlege of synne is before me alway:  
In my conscience I am so greuouly perplexed,  
That I wote not what to doe truly nor say.

**Justice,  
little.**

Here entred Christ Iesus.  
Benedicite, arte thou come with a vengeance?  
What wilt thou doe Mary, doe you loue me?  
My wordes prync well in your remembrance,  
To yonder felowes sayng doe you neuer gree.

**Christ  
Iesus.**

Into this worlde God hath sent his owne,  
Not to iudge the world, or to take vengeance,  
But to preache forgiveness and pardon,  
Through true faith in hym, and perfect repentance.  
The sonne of man is come to seke and saue,

**Such**





Suche persons as perishe and go astraye,  
God hath promised themselues eternally to haue,  
If they repent, and turne from theyr euill way,  
The kyngdom of heauen is at hand, therfore repent,  
Amende your lyues, and the Gospell beleue,  
The sonne of God into this world is sent,  
To haue mercy on men, and theyr synnes to forgiue.

O here is the Messias, of whom we haue harde, Mary.

What say you? Prudence is not this same he?

A Mary, do you my wordes no more regard,  
You haue a waneryng wittie now well I doe see,  
Is not this a lyke person, the sonne of God to be,  
And the Messias whiche the world should saue?  
He is a false harlot you may beleue me,  
Whome you shall see one day handled like a knaue.  
If the name of God published by Moyses,  
Be not able to bypnyng men to saluation,

Muche lesse such a wretched man doubtlesse,

Can do ought for your soules consolation.

Thus take one heauen in this present world here,

You remember what befoze to you I haue sayd:

Bluck vp your heart wenche, and be of good chere,

Neuer regard his wordes, thus he, be not afraid.

The lawe hath set my synnes befoze my syght, Mary.

That I can not be mery, but am in despayre:

I know that God is a Iudge, equall and right,

And that his lawe is true, pure, cleane and fayre.

By this lawe am I condemned alreedy to hell.

The wordes he hath spoken must be fulfilled:

Of myrth and ioy it is but foly to tell,

For I perceiue that both body and soule be spilled.

Like as the father raiseth the dead agayne, Chas.

J.iii.

And

**Christe**  
**speaketh**  
**to Mary.**

**Infidel-**  
**littie.**

**Christ.**

And vnto life doth them mercifullly restore:  
So the sonne quickeneth the dead it is playne,  
And geueth them a life to liue evermoze,  
Verily verily I say, he that heareth my voyce,  
And beleueth on him that hath me sent,  
Shall haue everlasting life therein to reioyce,  
And shall not come into damnable torment.  
But the same passe from death vnto lyfe,  
Repent, and trust in Gods mercy for my sake.  
With the sinnes of the world be at debate and strife,  
And vnto grace my heauenly father will you take.  
All they whom the law condemneth for synne,  
By faith in me, I saue and iustifie,  
I am come sinners by repentance to winne,  
Like as the Prophet befoze did prophetic.  
Thou woman, with mercy I do thee pzeuent,  
If thou canst in the Sonne of God beleue,  
And for thy former lyfe be sozr and repent,  
All thy sinnes and offences I doe forgeue.  
Who is the sonne of God sir, of whom do ye talke,  
Which hath this power wherof you do boast,  
It is best for you out of this countrey to walke,  
And neuer moze be leue after in this coast.  
The sonne of God quod he: This is a pride in dede.  
Crowest thou that the father can suffer this?  
They come of Abrahams stocke and holy sede,  
And thou saiest that they beleue all amisse.  
Auoide out of this woman thou Infidelittie,  
With the. vii. diuels which haue hir possessed,  
I banish you hence by the power of my diuinitie,  
For to saluation I haue hir dzedded.

Infidelittie runneth away. Mary falleth flat downe.  
**103**





**Cry all thus without the stage, and more terribly.**  
**O Jesus the Sonne of God ever living,**  
**Why comest thou before the synde be to torment?**  
**In no person for thee we can have any abiding,**  
**Out upon thee the sonne of God omnipotent.**

**Dirie:**

**Wise woman, and thanke the father of heauen,**  
**Whiche with his mercy hath thee prevented,**  
**By his power I haue reiected from the spirite senen,**  
**Whiche with vnbellef haue thy soule tormented.**

**Christ.**

**Blessed be thy name O father celestiall,**  
**Honor and glory be giuen to thee woorth without end,**  
**O Lord, dost thou regard thus a woman terrestriall:**  
**To thee what tong is able woorthy thanks to repend:**  
**O what a synfull wretch the Lord haue I bene:**  
**Haue mercy on me Lord, for thy names sake,**  
**So guernous a sinner before this day was neuer seene**  
**Vouchsafe therfore compassion on me to take.**

**Mary.**

**Canst thou beleue in God, the maker of all thing,**  
**And in his onely sonne, whom he hath sent:**

**Jesus**  
**Christ.**

**I beleue in one God, Lord and heavenly kyng,**  
**And in thee his onely sonne with hearty intent.**

**Mary.**

**Good Lord I confesse that thou art omnipotent,**  
**Helpe my slender beleefe and infirmite:**  
**My faith Lord is waueryng and insufficient,**  
**Strength it I pray the with the power of thy maiesty.**

**No man can come to me, that is, in me beleue,**  
**Except my father draw hym by his spirite.**  
**Behold faith and Repentance to thee here I geue,**  
**With all other vertues to thy health requisite.**

**Christ.**  
**Faith e**  
**repitace**  
**entreteth.**

**Note well the power of Gods omnipotencie:**  
**That soule which of late was a place of deuils,**  
**He hath made a place for him self by his clemencie,**  
**Purging from thence the multitude of euils.**

**Faith.**

**The**

**Repentance.**

The mercy of Christ thought it not sufficient,  
To forgive his synnes, and devils to purge,  
But giveth his grace to be penitent,  
That is, his soule ever after this day to scourge.  
The vertue of Repentance I do represent,  
Which is a true turnyng of the whole lyfe and state,  
Unto the will of the lord God omnipotent,  
Sorrowing for the synnes past with displeasure & hate.  
That is to say, all the inward thoughts of the hart  
And all the imaginations of the mynde,  
Which were occupied evill by Sathans arte,  
Must hence forth be turned after an other kynd.  
Dauid my father on his synnes did alway thinke,  
Howe horrible they were in God almighties sight,  
Teares were his sustenance, yea both meat & drinke,  
His hole meditation was in heaven both day & night  
So that Repentance is described in Scripture,  
To be a returnyng from syn with all the soule & hart,  
And all the life tyme in repentynge to endure,  
Declaring the same with the senses in every part.  
As thus, like as the eyes have ben baynly spent  
Upon worldly and carnall delectations,  
So henceforth to weeping and teares must be bent,  
And wholly given to godly contemplations.  
Likewise as the eares have ben open alway  
To here the blasphemynge of Gods holy name,  
And fylthy talkyng evermore night and day,  
Nowe they must be turned away from the same.  
And glad to heare the Gospel of salvation,  
Howe God hath mercy on them that doe call,  
And howe he is full of pittie and miseration:  
Raisyng up suche agayne as by synne dyd fall,

**The**





**The tong which blasphemie hath spoken,  
Pea and filthily, to the hurt of soule and body :  
Wherby the precepts of God haue ben broken,  
Must hence forth praise God for his mercy daily.  
Thus like as all the members in tymes past,  
Haue ben seruantes of brighteousnesse and synne,  
Now Repentance doth that seruice away cast,  
And to mortifie all his lustes doth begynne.  
True repentance neuer turneth backe agayn :  
For he y laeteth his had on the plough, & leaeth away,  
Is not apt in the kingdom of heauen to raigne,  
Nor to be saued with my sainctes at the last day.**

**O Lord without thy grace I do here confesse,** Mary.  
**That I am able to do nothing at all,  
Where it pleaseth thee my miserie to redresse,  
Strength me now that hence forth I do not fall.  
Graunt me Lord suche a perfect repentance,  
And that I looke no more back, but go forwarde still,  
Put my miserie evermore into my remembrance,  
That I may forthinke my life that hath ben so yll.**

**The holy vertue of Faith I do represent,** Faith.  
**Joynd continually with repentance :  
For where as the person for synne is penitent,  
There I ascertain him of helth and deliuerance.  
Wherfore I am a certaine and sure confidence,  
That God is mercifull for Christ Iesus sake :  
And where as is a turning or penitence,  
To mercy he will the penitent take :  
Faith therfore is the gyft of God most excellent,  
For it is a sure knowledge and cognition  
Of the good will of God omnipotent,  
Grounded in the word of Christes erudition,**

**G. I.**

**This**

**An Entrance at the Repentance**

This faith is founded on Gods promise,  
And most cleerly to the mynde of man revealed,  
So that of Gods will he hath an intuition,  
Which by the holy ghost to his heart is sealed.

**Repentance.** This faith both the woꝝd hath such propinquitie,  
That properly the one is not without the other,  
Faith must be tried with the woꝝd of veritie,  
As the chyld is by the father and mother.

**Jesus Christ.** Yea truly, if this faith do from Gods woꝝd decline,  
It is no faith, but a certayn incredulitie,  
Which causeth the mynd to wāder in strange doctrine  
And so to fall at length into impietie.

**Faith.** The woꝝd to a glasse compare we may,  
For as it were therein, faith God doth behold,  
Whom as in a cloude we loke vpon alway,  
As hereafter moze plainly it shal be told.

**Party.** My heart doth beleue, and my mouth doth publish,  
That my lord Jesus is the sonne of God eternall.  
I beleue that my soule shall neuer perishe,  
But raigne with him in his kyngdom supernall.

**Repentance.** The operation of faith is not to enquire  
What God is as touchyng his propre nature,  
But how good he is to vs to know faith doth desyre,  
Which thing appereth in his holy Scripture.

**Faith.** It is not enough to beleue that God is true only,  
Which can neuer lie, noꝝ deceaue, noꝝ do yll:  
But true faith is perswaded firmly and truly,  
That in his woꝝd he hath declared his will.  
And also what soeuer in that woꝝd is spoken,  
Faith beleueth it as the most certayne veritie,  
Which by his spirit he doth vouchsafe to open  
To all such as seke hym with all humilitie,

**Christ**





of Mary Magdalene.

Christ the sonne of God here hath promised,  
Forgiuenesse of synnes to you sister Mary,  
Of his owne mercie this to do he hath deuised,  
And not of your merites, thus you see plainly.  
If in this promise you be certain and without doubt,  
Belening that the word of his mouth spoken  
He is able, and also will do and byng about,  
Then that you haue faith it is a token.

Repent  
ance.

O Jesu, graunt me this true faith and belene,  
Lord I see in my self as yet imperfection:  
Vouchsafe to me thy heavenly grace to geue,  
That it may be my gouernance and direction.

Mary.

Mary my grace shall be for thee sufficient,  
Go thy way forth with faith and repentance,  
To heare the Gospell of health be thou diligent,  
And the wordes thereof beare in thy remembrance.

Christ.

Though in person we shall no more appeare,  
Yet inuisibly in your heart we will remayne.

Faith.

The grace of God shall be with you both far & nere,  
Wherby from all wickednesse I shall you detaine.

Repentance.

Honour, praise, and glory to the father eternall,  
Thanks to the sonne, very god and very man,  
Blessed be the holy gost, with them both coequall,  
One god, which hath saued me this day from Sathā.

Mary.

Excunt.

I thank thee O father, O lord of heuē, earth, & of al  
That thou hast hidde these things from the sapient,  
And hast reuealed them to the litle ones and small,  
Yea so it pleased thee O father omnipotent.

All things of my father are committed vnto me,  
And who the sonne is, none but the father doth know  
No mā but the sonne knoweth who f father shold be,  
And he to whom the sonne wil reueale and shoue.

G. II.

Come

**An Enterlude of the Repentance**

Come vnto me all you that with laboꝝ are oppꝛessed,  
And are heauy laden, and I will you comfort,  
Dispaire not foꝛ that you haue transgressed,  
But foꝛ merꝑ do you boldly to me resoꝛt.  
My yoaꝛke vpon your neckes do you gladly take,  
And learn of me, foꝛ I am lowe and meke in hart,  
And you shal fynd rest foꝛ your soules neuer to slake,  
My yoaꝛke and burden is light in euery part.  
I came not into the woꝛld, the righteous to call,  
But the synfull persons vnto repentance:  
The whoole haue no nede of the physition at all,  
But the sicke haue nede of deliuerance.  
Verily I say vnto you, that the angels,  
Haue moꝛe ioy in one synner that doth repent,  
Than in many righteous persons else,  
Which are no sinners in their iudgement.

Here entreceth Symon the Pharise, and malicious  
Iudgement, Symon biddeth Chꝛist to dymner.

**Symon.** God speke you syꝛ heartily, and well to fare,  
I reioyce much that I chaunces you here to fynde,  
In good soth I was soꝛy, and toke muche care  
That I had no tyme to declare to you my mynde.  
We know that you do much good in the countrey here  
Wherfoꝛe the liuyng God is glozified:  
You heale the sicke persons both farre and nere,  
Like as it hath ben credibly testified.

**Chꝛist.** My father euen vnto this tyme woꝛketh truly,  
And I woꝛk accordyng to his commandement & will,  
The sonne can do nothyng of hym selfe duely,  
But that he seeth the father doynge alway still.  
Whatsoeuer the Father doth, the sonne doth the same,  
Foꝛ the father doth the sonne entirely loue,

And





of Mary Magdalene.

And sheweth him all things to the praise of his name,  
And shal shew him greter works thā these as you shal

Lo sir, what nede you haue moze testimonie (proue **Pallicio**  
you heare that he doth him self the sonne of God call, **iudge.**  
Doth not the law condemne that blasphemie :

Commanding such to be slaine great and small :

Foz a season it behoueth vs to haue patience, **symon.**

I shewed you the reason wherfoze of late :

At this season I pray you do your diligence,

And semble rather to loue hym than to hate.

Shall it please you syr, this day to take payne

With me at my house to take some repast,

You shal be welcōme doubtleste I tell you playne,

No great puruiance foz you I entend to make.

My meate is to doe his will that hath me sent. **Christ.**

But syr I thanke you of your great curtesy,

To come to you I shall be very well content,

So that you will appoynt the houre stedily.

All things be in maner ready I thinke verily, **symon.**

In the meane season in my gardein we will walke.

Take the paines to go with me, I pray you heartily,

Till dinner be ready, of matters we will talke. **Christ**

With a good will I will waite vpon you,

Pleaseth it you to go befoze, you know the way.

Sirra, you see how that we are appointed now,

Make all thyngs ready without delay. **symon.**

Sir I will go about as fast as I may, **Pallicio**

In good fayth I would that I might haue my will: **iudge.**

I would prepare foz hym a galowes this day,

Upon the whiche I desyre his bloud to spill.

A vengeance take hym these, is he gone :

From Mary Magdalene he did me chace : **Infide-**

**From** **litte.**

An Enterlude of the Repentance

From Symon the Pharisee he will dine me anon,  
So that no where I shal be able to shew my face.

Malicio<sup>s</sup> iudge. Nay, we are so surely fixed in the Pharisees mynde,  
That his blasphemous words can not dyne vs these  
Womens heartes turne oft as doth the wynde,  
And agayne of the lawe they know not the sence,  
In malice I haue made them all so blynde,  
That they iudge nothyng in Christ aryght:  
To the letter of the lawe so fast I do them bynde,  
That of the spirite they haue no manner of light.

Antide<sup>s</sup> little. I will tell thee Malicious Iudgement,  
His wordes be of such strength and great power,  
That the diuell hym self and all his rablement,  
He is able to expell, and bitterly to deuoure.

Malicio<sup>s</sup> iudge. In the hyde thy self in a Pharisees gotone,  
Suche a one as is bordered with the commaundmentis  
And then thou maist dwel both in citie and in towne,  
Beyng well accepted in all mens iudgements.

Antide<sup>s</sup> little. As for a gotone, I haue one conuenient,  
And so here is a cappe agreing to the same.

Malicio<sup>s</sup> iudge. As thou saiest, that geare is very ancient,  
I warant thee now to escape all blame,  
Fary of one thyng thou must take good hede,  
As nere as thou canst let him not behold thy face,  
Doubt thou not, but he shall haue his mede,  
If I remayne with the Jewes any space.

Antide<sup>s</sup> little. And as for the reuerend byshop Caphas,  
With all the Aldermen of Ierusalem,  
Will helpe to byng that matter to passe,  
For I am like for ever to dwell with them.

Malicio<sup>s</sup> iudgemēt. The same Christ dineth with Symon to day,  
Who commanded to prepare the table in all hast,

Helpe





of Mary Magdalene.

Helpe to make all ready, and the cloth to lay,  
For surely here he purposeth to take his repast.

By God he shall haue soure cause it may hap,  
Do thy parte, and surely I purpose to watche,  
It shal be hard, but we will take hym in a trap,  
He shall fynde hym here that will hym matche.

Inside  
little.

Go and fetch trenchers, spoones, salt and bread,  
See whether the cookes be ready also I pray thee.  
They will come to dynner I dare lay my head,  
Before that all things prepared well shall be.

Galileo  
iudge.

A strab, all this geare will quickly be doone,  
The cookes be ready also I am sure.

Inside  
little.

Let me see, by lady it is almost noone,  
I maruell that they can so long fastyng endure.

Ponder they come, turne thy face out of sight,  
Thou must make curtesy downe to the ground.

Galileo  
iudge.

I would he were hanged by God and by this light,  
For neuer before this day was I thus bound.

Inside  
little.

Sir now are you welcome, I pray you come nere,  
Fetch in meate syz, I pray you quickly.

Simon.

I promise you I byd you for no good here,  
But such as it is, you ar welcome hartly.

Pleaseth it you to washe syz, here is water,  
Let not yonder beggerly felow wash with you.

Inside  
little.

Can you not a while dissemble the matter?  
It is no tyme to talke of siche geare now.

Simon.

Will you sit sir, byng hither a cushion and a stoole,  
Set it down I say there, there at the tables ende.

Here is a busynesse with a beggerly foole,  
It greueth me the tyme about him to spende.

Inside.

So to, you are welcome hitherto my maister Simon  
Thinke your self at home in your owne place.

I thanke

An Enterlude of the Repentantes

- Ch:ist.** I thanke you sir, I will syt doونه even anone,  
But first we will prayse God, and say our grace.  
Blessed art thou heavenly father, which of thy mercy  
Hast made man to thyne owne image and similitude  
Which throug Satrans wicked malice and envie  
Was spoiled of thy grace and of ghostly fortitude,  
But at this tyme of thy mercy appointed,  
Thou hast looked on man, of thy compassion,  
And sent thyne owne sonne with thy spirit anoynted,  
Which for his synne shall make satisfaction.  
Let all creatures praise thee for their creation,  
Glozy to thy name for their preservation,  
Laude and honour to thee for their restauration,  
All thanks to thee for eternall saluation,
- Simon.** I pray you sitte doونه, I pray you heartily,  
You are welcom, I pray you eate such as is here,  
So to, I would not haue you to make any curtesy,  
I am sozy that for you I haue no better chere.
- Inns: little.** It is simple chere as you say in dede,  
It is to good for him by the Masse,  
Hale is good ynough for hym thereon to feede,  
O: for any such foolishhe asse.
- Mallice iudge.** Marke you not what in his grace he dyd say:  
Thou hast set thy sonne anointed with the holy ghost  
By these wordes evidently vnderstand we may,  
That to be the son of God of him selfe he doth boast.
- Simon.** Wherof doe you. it talk what is the matter,  
Is there any thing that doth grutch your consciences
- Mallice iugemet** This is the truth of our talke yea. I will not flatter,  
Your gest said a word wherof I wold haue stelligens  
He thanked God at this tyme nowe appointed,  
That on mens synnes he had pittie and compassion,  
And





of Mary Magdalene.

And hath sent his sonne with his spirit anointed,  
Which for his sinne should make satisfaction.  
Hath God into this world sent his alone sonne :  
O? who is the sonne of God I would be glad to know  
Like as now he speaketh; so oft tymes he hath done,  
The tyme and place I am able to shewe.

I pray you my guest his mynde do you satiffie, Simon.  
It is said, that the sonne of God you do your self call.

I am come into this world the truth to testifie, Ch: 11.  
Whereof the scripture and the prophets do witness all  
If I of my self should beare testimonye,

My witness of you should not be taken as true,  
But there is an other that witnesseth of me verily.  
And I know that his testimonye is true:  
Of man surely my testimonye do I take;

But I speak the truth, that I sayd you myght be.  
The sonne of man is sent hither for your sake,  
Whom in the glory of his maner you shall se.

The worke which to me the father doth geue,  
That I may do them; those worke kepe you I pray,  
Beare witnesseth you have the grace to be true,

That the father hath sent me into the world this day.  
Besides these worke, the father that hath me sent,  
Hath by many scriptures of me testified :

By the which the matter is evident,  
That my worke spoken before are verified.  
But the father you have neuer heard speaking,

And what he is by faith you have neuer sene :  
His word you have not in you remayning.  
Therefore to him whom he hath set faithful you have

Serch p scriptures, for you thik in your mind (not be  
That in them you shall obtaine life eternall,

¶ 1.

Them

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Them to beare witness of me you shall fynde,  
How I am the sonne of the living God immortall.

**Symon.** Wel sir, you are welcom, I wold not haue you to thiſk  
That I did byd you hither to tempt oꝝ to prone,  
But that I wold haue you both to eate and drinke,  
Euen as my entier friend, and foꝝ very loue.  
Wherefoꝝ any thing that is here done oꝝ sayd,  
Shalbe layd vnder foote, and go no further,  
Foꝝ surely if your wordes should be bettayed,  
As a blasphemers the people wold you murder,

**Chriſt.** You know that there is. xi. houres in the day  
And night commeth not till the. xii. houres be expired  
It is not in mans power my life to take away,  
Till the houre commeth of my father required.

**Justice  
Ante.** Under the foote quod he: if I hope counsell,  
I wold I were hanged by the very necke.  
I fe on hym beforon traitour and very rebell,

**Palacio  
andge.** Hear you not how god him self he beginneth to checke  
Though maister Symon doth but few wordes say  
Yet I warrant you he beareth this geare in mynde,  
Doubt thou not but he will fynde such a way,  
That he shal be ryd and as many as be of his kynde.

**Symon.** Go to I pray you, alacke you eate no meate:  
You see that at this tyme we haue but plaine fare.

**Chriſt.** When we haue sufficient bespe vs to eate,  
Let vs thanke God, and put away all care.

**Mary  
Magda-  
len sadly  
apparel-  
led.** The moze that I accustom my self with repentance,  
The moze I see myne owne synne and iniquitie,  
The moze knowledge therof, the moze grevance,  
To a soule that is conuerted from hie impietie.  
To all the worlde an example I may be,  
In whom the mercy of Chriſt is declared,

¶ Lord





O Lord, what goodness hath thou in me see:  
 That thus mercifully thou hast me spared.  
 What goodness: may rather what a table of evils,  
 Full of wickedness, like one past all grace,  
 Replenished with a multitude of doings,  
 Which as in hell in my soule had their place:  
 These were the merites and deues that I had,  
 Ouely thy unspeakable mercy did me present  
 And though that my life hath bene so bad,  
 Yet thou wilt no more but that I should repent,  
 O who shall geue me a fountayne of teares,  
 That I may shed abundantly for my synnes:  
 This voice of the Lord alwaies so sooth in myn eares:  
 Repent, repent, and thou shalt be sure heauen to wyne:  
 He saith also, do the fruites of Repentance.  
 O Lord, who is able these worthy fruites to do:  
 I am not able to doe sufficient penance,  
 Except thy grace good Lord, do helpe me thereto.  
 But like as the parts of my body in tymes past,  
 I haue made seruants to all kynd of iniquitie,  
 The same iniquitie alway for ever I do cast,  
 And will make my body seruant to the vertue:  
 This haire of my head which I haue abused,  
 I repute vile and unworthy to wipe my lordes fete,  
 No obsequie therewith of me shalbe refused,  
 To do my Lord Iesus seruite, as it is most mete.  
 These fleshy eyes which with their wanton lookes,  
 Many persons to synne and vice haue procured,  
 They haue ben the diuels volumes and bookes,  
 Which from the seruice of God haue other allured.  
 Nowe you synfull eyes shed out teares and water,  
 Wash the Lordes fete with the who you haue offended

An Enticement to Repentance

To thew such obsequie to hym it is a small matter,  
 Which by his grace hath my synfull life amended:  
 O wretched eyes can you wepe for a thing temporall,  
 As for the losse of worldly goodes and parents,  
 And can you not wepe for the lord celestiall  
 Which losse incomparably passeth all detrimentes.  
 With this oymnt most pure and precious,  
 I was wont to make this carcas pleasant and sweete  
 Wherby it was made moze wicked and vicious,  
 And to all unthriftynesse very apt and mete.  
 Now would I gladly this oymnt bestowe,  
 About the innocent fete of my saviour,  
 That by these penitent fructes my lord may know  
 That I am right sorry for my synfull behauour.  
 All my worldly substance abused befoze,  
 And thzough vnbelief of synne made instruments,  
 Now will I bestow them onely to his honoz,  
 In helping hym, and for his sake other innocents.  
 I shall not cease to seeke till my lord I haue found,  
 He is in the house of Synnon I heard say,  
 The house standeth on yonder same ground:  
 It was told me that he dyueth there to day.  
 I was not ashamed to synne befoze the Lordes sight  
 And shal I be ashamed befoze mā the same to cofesse  
 To my Lord Iesus, now forth will I go right,  
 Acknowledgyng to him my penitent heart doubtesles

Let Marie creepe vnder the table, abydyng there a  
 certayne space behynd, and doe as it is specified in  
 the Gospell. When Malicious Judgement spea-  
 keth these wordes to Infidellit.

Malicio-  
 ingemēt

Lo sye, what a felow this is, it doth appere,  
 If he were suche a prophēt, as of hym self he doth say:  
 He





He would know what manner of woman this same is  
A sinner she is, he can not say nay.

Here,

A sinner quod he: yea she is a wicked sinner in dede *Indis-  
crete.*

This is she, from whom he did me expell,

Behold, how boldly after hym she doth procede.

A harlot she is truly I may tell you in counsell.

Yea and yet to touche hym he doth her permit,

*Salicio  
iudge.*

Which is agaynst the law for persons defiled,

Ought not among the just to intromit,

But from their company should be expelled.

I pray you see, how busy about hym she is.

*Salicio  
iudge.*

She washeth his feet with teares of hir eyes,

Heigh, many wonder is like to be nothing amiss.

Behold, she anoynteth him to agone away this.

Trowe you y<sup>e</sup> master sh<sup>e</sup> p<sup>er</sup>son thinketh not thus?

Yea I hold you a gowte, though he say nothing.

He is not content I knowe you that,

*Salicio  
iudge.*

Which thyng you may see by his looking.

Myne, take away here, we will do more with,

*Simon.*

This first: Are you in such things to be sought?

What meane you, to her about do you look,

I marvelle whether about you do occupy your thought.

Simon, the truth is so, I have a thing in my hand *Jesus*

Which unto you I must needs expelle and lay. *Christ.*

Master, say what you will, wonders are but wynde, *Simon.*

I will heare you truly, as patiently as I may.

There were two debtors, whom I dyd well knowe, *Christ*

Whiche were in debt to a lender that was thyffle:

The one five hundred pence truly dyd owe,

And the other ought not above fiftie:

Neither of these debtors had wherewith to pay,

Wherfore the lender forgave both, as it dyd behove.

*¶.iii.*

*Howe*

An Entendement of the Repentance

Nowe according to your iudgement I pray you say,  
Which of these debtors ought the lender most loue :

Symon

Maye, he to whom most was forgiven I suppose,  
In few wordes truly you haue heard my sentence.

Ch:ist.

You haue rightly iudged, and to the purpose.

Aboluyng my question like a man of science,

See you this woman : I knowe that in your hartes

You condemne her as a synner very vnniete

To enter among you, and to touche any parties,

Of my body, yea either head or fete :

Saying among your selues, if this were a prophet,

He would knowe what manner a woman this is.

Which thus commeth in while we be at meate,

A sinner she is, and hath done greatly amisse.

I say vnto you, that into this world I am come

To call suche great debtors vnto repentance,

The fust, which in their debts owe but a small summe

Haue no nede of their creditours deliuerance.

Indes.

What a thief is this, he iudgeth our masters thoght,

yle.

If we destroy hym not, he will surely marre all,

Palicio

I neuer sayd that he was worse than nought,

iudge.

But among vs puruey for him we shall.

Symon.

Sir, you take vpon you very presumptuously,

I haue bydden you vnto my house here of good will,

And you reason of matters here contemptuously :

But take your pleasure, it shall not greatly skill.

Ch:ist.

I say vnto you, that for this cause was I borne,

To beare witnesse vnto the veritie,

I see who be hypocrites full of dissembling scoone,

And who be persons of faith and simplicitie.

Where as you thinke you haue done me pleasure,

In bidding me to eate and drinke with you here,

Ch:ist.

Ch:ist.

Your





of Mary Magdalene.

Your interest was to shew your riches and treasure,  
And that your holynesse might to me appeare.  
But this woman hath shewed to me a little obsequy:  
For these gestures whiche she sheweth to me,  
Proceede from a true murthering heart verily,  
As by her humilitie plainly you may see.  
When I came into your house the truth to say,  
You gave me no water to washe my feete withall.  
This woman hath washed them here this day,  
With the teares of her eyes which on them did fall,  
With the haire of her head she hath wiped the same,  
Thinking all other clothes thereto over vile,  
Horrible in her sight is her synne and blame,  
Thinking her self woorthie of eternall exile.  
You gave me no kisse as the manner of the countrey is  
But this woman since the tyme that I came in,  
Would not presume my head or mouth to kisse,  
But my feete, lamenting in her heart for her syn.  
My head you did not anoynt with oyle so swete,  
As men of this countrey do their guests be,  
But with most precious balme she anointed my fete,  
So cost about that syntment she doth refuse.  
Blessed are they, as the prophete doth say,  
Whose sinnes are forgiven & covered by Gods mercy,  
Not by the dedes of the lawe as you thinke this day,  
But of Gods good will, favour and grace freely.  
At this womans synne you do greatly grutch,  
As though your selues were iust, holy, and pure,  
But many sinnes are forgiven her, because she loved  
And of the mercy of God she is sure. (muche  
He to whom but a little is remitted in dede,  
Loveth but a little, we se by experience.)

An Enterlude of the Repentance

All have sinned, and of Gods glory have need.  
 Therefore humble your selves with penitence.  
 I say to thee woman, thy sinnes are forgiven all,  
 God for my sake will not them to thee impute:  
 For strength to continue, to hym do thou call,  
 And see that thenceforth thou do to hym attribute.

Mary. The mercy of God is above all his workes truly,  
 What is it that God is not able to bring to passe:  
 I thank thee Lord Jesu for thy great mercy,  
 That art the same as the living God, our Messiah.

Palacio Judge. How say you by this, here is a greater matter yet,  
 He forgiveth synnes, as one both God and man.

Inside. And he may perceive truly, that hath any wit,  
 That he is but a man watched and mortall.

Christ. Woman I say, thy faith hath saved thee go in peace:  
 Now art thou purified in thy conscience,  
 Through thy faith, I doe all thy sinnes retract,  
 Assuring thee to have mercy for thy negligence.

Mary. O wofull tragedies, O message most comfortable,  
 Let no sinner be he never in so great despair,  
 Though he were fawfull and abhominable,  
 Let him come, and he will make hym faire.  
 Blessed be the Lord of such compassion and pite,  
 Praise be his name with glorie and honor,  
 I shall declare his mercy in toorne and citie.  
 Thanks be to thee my Lord now and evermore.

Symon. I see the wordes whiche I have heard, proved true,  
 Men say that you are now fangled, and frivolous,  
 Goyng about the law and our rulers to suborne,  
 Introducyng sectes perfidious and sedicious.

Palacio Judge. I can no longer containe, but must say my mynde,  
 In dede it is so, for by his diuine erudition,

Which





Which he soweth among the people of our kynde,  
At length they will make a tumult and sedition,  
Such blasphemy since the beginning was not heard,  
That a man shal call him self Gods naturall sonne,  
To condemne the law of God he is not afeard,  
Despising all things that our fathers haue done.

Pleaseth it you reuerend father, to geue me licence Indee  
licie.

To say my mynde to this blasphemers and thiefe,  
In fewe wordes you shall haue my sentence:  
Of all heretikes I iudge hym to be the chiefe.  
Perceiue you not how he doth begyn:

He commeth to none of the princes and gouerners,  
But a sort of spynners he goeth about to wyne:  
As publicans, whores, barlots, and vniuers occupiers,  
Them he preferreth before such men as you be,  
Saying, that they before you shall be saued.

An honest man in his company you shall not see,  
But euen them, which haue them selues yll behaued,  
Much good doe it you, here is cause for your meate,  
Maister Simon, looke vpon this felow in season,  
For in continuance he will worke such a feate,  
That you shall not release with all your reason.

O Symon, put away that Malicious iudgement, Chap.  
Which in your heart you do stubbozuly contayne,  
You shall not perceiue Gods commandement,  
As long as he in your conscience doth remayne.

To say now that God he hath blasphemed, Malicious  
iudgemēt  
Now his law he doth contemne and despise,  
The Justice therof of hym is nothyng esteemed,  
To destroy the same vnterly he doth deuise.

Thinke you vs ignorant of gods law and will, Symon.  
Which vpon our garments do them weare,

An Enticement of the Repentance

Who but we doe the law of God fulfill,  
For his precepts with vs in all places we beare.  
**Chor.** To fulfill the law requireth Gods spirit,  
For the law is holy, iust, and spirituall,  
Of loue to be obserued it is requisite,  
And not of these obseruances externall.  
As long as you haue this malicious iudgement,  
Accompanied with Infidelitie,  
I say you can not kepe Gods commaundement,  
Though you shewe an outward sanctitie.  
**Infidelitie.** Lo here he calleth me Infidelitie,  
And you knowe that I am called Legal Justification  
You heare that it was spoken by Gods maiestie,  
That a man shall liue by the lawes obseruation,  
In honest quest, come out dogge, yea many,  
Good manners thus to taunt a man at his table:  
But with fooles it is folle to vary,  
His wordes be taken but as a tale or a fable.  
**Sermon.** Away with this gear, how long shall we sit heroe  
At once: We haue somewhat els to do I thinke.  
**Chor.** Thankes be to thee O father, for this chere,  
Thankes be to thee for our repast of meate & drinke,  
Now sit, you shall licence me to depart,  
And the heauenly father might illumine your mynd  
Expelling this infidelitie from your hart,  
Which with Malicious iudgemēt keepeth you blynd.  
**Sermon.** Fare ye well: for me you shall no countes render,  
All shall be layd vnder the feete that is here spoken.  
**Infidelitie.** Though you forget it, yet we purpose to remember  
**Exe.** You knowe the way, go I pray you, the doore is open.  
**Malicious iudge.** For Gods sake say, you and such as you be,  
Looke vpon this felow by myne aduise:





of Spary Spagdalene.

Foz what he goth about all you may see,  
Yea you haue had warnyng of hym thise. or thysie.

All the multitude beginneth after hym to ronne,  
You see hym and knote his doctrine and opinion,  
If you suffer hym till moze people he hath wonne,  
Strangers shall come and take our dominion.

Inside  
litte.

Haue you not heard his open blasphemie:  
The sonne of God he presumeth hym self to name,  
The Justice of the lawe he condemneth bitterly,  
To suffer hym to lyue will turne to your shame.

It shall behoue you to dog hym from place to place, hymen.  
Note whether openly he teache such doctrine:

If he doe, accuse hym befoze his face,  
Foz I will cause the byshops hym to examine.

And where as he willethe you vs to expell,  
Callyng vs wicked nicknames at his pleasure,  
He goeth about to make you to rebel

Inside  
litte.

Against God & his lawes, as he doth without mesure

Foz my part I wil wathe hym so narrowly,  
That a word shall not scape me that doth sounde  
Against you the fathers, that lue so holyly,  
But to accuse hym foz it a way shalbe found.

Spalicio  
ingemet

Well the tyme of our enenyng service is at hand,  
We must depart, the sacrifice to ppepare.

hymen.

If you depart, we may not here ydle stande,  
Foz to wayte vpon you at all tymes ready we are.

Inside  
Exeunt.

At my beynge here even now of late,  
It pleased my Lord Iesus of his great mercy  
To speake sentences here in my presence.

Spary:  
entreteth  
with Ju.  
Rificatio

Of the which I haue no perfect intelligence,  
The fyrst is: Many synnes are forgiven hie sayd he,  
Because he hath loved much, wronging me,

I.ii.

I pray

An Enterlude of the ~~importance~~ <sup>importance</sup>

Justifica  
tion.

I pray you most holy Justification,  
Of this sentence to make a declaration.  
A question right necessary to be moued,  
For thereby many errors shall be reproued,  
It were a great error for any man to beleue  
That your loue dyd deserue that Christ shold forgene  
Your synnes or trespasses, or any synne at all:  
For so to beleue is an error sanaticall.  
And how can your loue desyre forgiveness of your pl  
Seing that the lawe it is not able to fulfill:  
The lawe thus commaundeth as touchyng loue:  
Thou shalt loue thy Lord God as it doth behoue,  
With al thy hert, with al thy soule, & w<sup>th</sup> al thy streng<sup>th</sup>,  
And thy neighbo<sup>r</sup> as thy self. He saith also at length:  
There was neuer man borne yet that was able,  
To performe these preceptes iust, holy, and stable,  
S<sup>o</sup>ue onely Iesus Christ, that lambe most innocent  
Which fulfilleth the lawe for such as are penitent:  
But loue foloweth forgiveness of synnes euermore,  
As a fruct of faith, and goth not before,  
In that parable which vnto you he recited,  
Wherin he declared your synnes to be acquitted,  
He called you a better not able to pay.  
Then your loue paid not your detts perceiue you may  
The forgiveness of your synnes you must referte,  
Only to Christes grace, then you shall not erre.  
Of this thing plays knowledge you may haue  
In these wordes go in peace thy faith doth thee saue.  
So by faith in Christ you haue Justification  
Freely of his grace, and beyond mans operation,  
The which Justification here I do represent,  
Which remain with all such as be penitent.

Here





Here commeth loue a speciall fruite of Faith,  
As touchyng this, heare mekely what he saith.

O how much am I vnto Iesus Christ bound,  
In whom so great mercy & goodnesse I haue found:  
Not onely my synfull lyfe he hath renued,  
But also with many graces he hath me endued,

Mary

I am named loue, from true faith procedyng,  
Where I am, there is no vertue neddyng,  
Loue commyng of a conscience immaculate,  
And of a faith not fained nor simulate,  
Is the end of the law as Scripture doth say,  
And vnto eternall felicitie the very path way:  
This loue grounded in faith, as it is sayd,  
Hath caused many enyls in men to be layd.

Loue en-  
treth.

For where as the loue of God in any is perfite,  
There in all good woorkes is his whole delite.  
This true loue with Mary was present verily,  
When to Christ she shewed that obsequie,  
But this loue byd procede from belene,  
When Christ of his mercy byd his synnes forgeue,  
Loue deserued not forgenesse of synnes in dede,  
But as a fruite therof tenely it did succede.

Of this matter we might tary very long,  
But then we shoulde do our audience wrong,  
Which gently hath heard vs here a long space,  
Wherfore we will make an end now by Gods grace,  
Praying God that all we example may take  
Of Mary, our synfull lyues to forsake:  
And no moze to looke backe, but to go forwarde still  
Folowyng Christ as she did and his holy will.

Justifica-  
tion.

Such persons we introduce into presence,  
To declare the conuersion of her offence.

Loue.

I.iii.

I.ii.

An Enterlude or the Repentance

Fyrst, the lawe made a playne Declaration,  
That she was a chyld of eternall damnation:  
By hearyng of the lawe came knowledg of synne,  
Then for to lament truely she dyd begynne.  
Nothyng but desperation dyd in hir remaine,  
Lokynge for none other comfort but for hell payne.  
But Christ whose nature is mercy to haue,  
Came into this world synners to saue,  
Which preached repentance synners to forgene,  
To as many as in hym faithfully dyd beleue.  
By the word came faith, faith brought penitence,  
But bothe the gyft of Gods magnificence.  
Thus by faith onely, Marie was iustified,  
Like as before it is playnly verified,  
From thens came loue, as a testification  
Of Gods mercy and her iustification.

Part. Now God graunt that we may go the same way,  
That with ioy we may ryse at the last day,  
To the saluation of soule and body evermore,  
Through Christ our Lord, to whom be all honoꝝ.



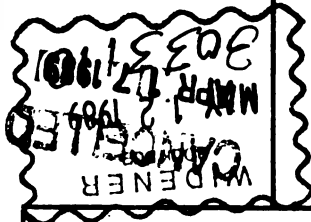
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